# HARPER'S WEEKLY
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THE MOB AT FIRE ISLAND PREVENTING THE LANDING OF THE "NORMANNIA" PASSENGERS.
DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. S. RICHARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 919.]

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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## A FALSE CRY.

TO a people of conservative instincts, a people averse to unnecessary changes, such as the Americans are, there is a great charm in the maxim that it is wise to "let well enough alone." Political parties in the possession of power—the "ins"—who wish nothing better than to be "let alone," will, whenever possible, take advantage of this tendency of the popular mind, and use that maxim as a convenient text in their exhortations. The Republicans, for instance, in this campaign make a great effort to bring the conservative sentiment of the country to their side by picturing the present administration, its acts, and its policies, as the very embodiment of the "well enough," which not to let alone would be a dangerously reckless venture. But prudent citizens, before permitting themselves to be seduced by the fair-sounding cry, will carefully inquire whether the existing condition of things is really "well enough," and also whether it can be let alone—in fact, whether it will let itself alone. The result of such an inquiry will hardly be favorable to the Republican pretension.

President HARRISON owes his reputation as a "well-enough" man at the head of the national government in no small measure to the circumstance that he was opposed in the National Republican Convention by an uncommonly unsavory lot of politicians. Compared to them his supporters appeared very respectable, and the contrast caused men to reflect how much less safe and less creditable the conduct of the government would have been had the influences in the Republican party leading the opposition to Mr. HARRISON been intrusted with power. But examined independently of this contrast, the "well enough" appears somewhat overbalanced by things which decidedly should not be let alone. How flagrantly Mr. HARRISON violated his solemn pledges with regard to the reform of the civil service, and how scandalously he, the dispenser of the public patronage, misused his official influence over the vast body of federal office-holders in securing his own renomination, has already been set forth in these columns. To the manner in which our foreign affairs have been conducted by Mr. HARRISON there has hardly been as much attention devoted in public discussion as it deserves; for in several important instances well-established principles of international law and the teachings and precedents of our own history were so rudely set aside, and recklessly assumed rights asserted in a spirit so aggressive, that if this method of dealing with foreign nations be deemed well enough to be let alone, international embroilments of a nature by no means honorable to this republic will be the almost inevitable consequence.

It is true Mr. HARRISON's declaration made at Albany with regard to the free coinage of silver had at the time a reassuring effect upon the public mind. But it is also true that Mr. HARRISON signed the silver bill of 1890, which, if let alone, will land our monetary system, as surely as free coinage itself, on the silver basis; and it is well remembered that the passage of this dangerous law might easily have been avoided had a firm hand been at the helm of affairs. It is no less true that the present management of the Treasury Department is such in point of financial ability as to command the confidence of the business community in a less degree than any administration of that department during the last thirty years. This is hardly well enough to be let alone.

As to the tariff, the desire of the beneficiaries of protection to be let alone in the enjoyment of their profits is easily understood. They remind us of the slaveholders in old times who constantly protested that the only wish of their hearts was to be let alone. But the trouble was and is that other people were not let alone by slavery, and are not let alone by the tariff. Neither slavery nor the protective system was ever satisfied with what it had. When slavery encroached upon the domain consecrated to free labor, and when the protective system put the consumer under constantly heavier contribution, the demand to be let alone could be returned with emphasis, and the natural conclusion is that grasping interests which will not let alone others, cannot be let alone themselves.

There is in Mr. BLAINE's public letter of September 3d a sentence opening a significant prospect of the future. He says, "The issue of the greatest consequence is the tariff on imports, and it will continue to be until a settlement is effected by a majority so large that it will be tantamount to general acquiescence." We are, then, never to get rid of the tariff agitation until an agreement is reached by the people with substantial unanimity. Mr. BLAINE, of course, has in his mind a substantially unanimous agreement, not on the mere theoretical principle of protection, for that admits in its application an almost limitless variety of degrees, but upon some definite measure of protection that would be considered "well enough" to be "let alone" by all, or nearly all, parties concerned. When will that be? When will all, or nearly all, the manufacturers think that they—each one of them—have enough of the legislative favor? When will all, or nearly all, the consumers think that the manufacturers have not too much of it? Evidently never. The "let well enough alone" millennium, as far as the tariff is concerned, will never come so long as we have protection for protection's sake.

But Mr. BLAINE, as a historian, should remember one period in our history when there was a substantially unanimous agreement on this subject among the American people. It was under the famous tariff of 1846, when the protective system had been abandoned. Mr. BLAINE, in his *Twenty Years in Congress*, describes this period as follows: "The tariff of 1846 was yielding abundant revenue, and the business of the country was in a flourishing condition. Money became very abundant after the year 1849, large enterprises were undertaken, speculation was prevalent, and for a considerable period the prosperity of the country was general and apparently genuine. After 1852 the Democrats had almost undisputed control of the government, and had gradually become a free-trade party. The principles involved in the tariff of 1846 seemed for the time to be so entirely vindicated and approved that resistance to it ceased, not only among the people, but among the protective economists, and even among the manufacturers to a large extent. So general was this acquiescence that in 1856 a protective tariff was not suggested or even hinted at by any one of the then parties which presented Presidential candidates." This period of economic agreement was interrupted by the civil war with its revenue necessities, which overruled all economic considerations. But now that we are at peace, would it not be wise to return to that policy which once proved really "well enough" to be "let alone"?

## CONSERVATIVE CANADA.

THE Dominion government is in the possession of the Conservative party, and it is the settled policy of the people who revere the memory of Sir JOHN MACDONALD to make Canada independent of the United States. They are possessed by the protective and paternal theories of government, and fully believe that it is a country's duty to produce all that its people need.

An illustration of this policy is the recent action of the Dominion government with reference to the rebates of tolls granted to vessels carrying grain to Canadian ports through the Welland Canal. In itself, the cause of dispute is about the most petty that ever agitated the councils of two countries, and a patriotic citizen of the United States who understands the subject cannot but regret that his own government has played any part whatever in the wretched comedy. Even the Canadian politicians who are responsible for the adoption of the policy of discrimination against the ports on the southern shore of Lake Ontario are not very proud of their achievement.

Two large governments have taken up a purely local contest, and have become the ardent champions of rival cities. The people of Kingston in Ontario wanted their city to be the *entrepôt* of the grain that naturally went to Ogdensburg, and to please them the Dominion government violated the spirit if not the letter of the Treaty of Washington, and permitted boats consigned to Canadian ports to navigate the Welland Canal free of charge. In order to retaliate for this onslaught on American interests, the President has levied twenty cents a ton on grain passing through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal on its way to Canadian ports.

The disproportion between the interests involved and the powers engaged in protecting them makes the incident a farce, but it was not concluded by Mr. HARRISON's proclamation. The Canadians met the twenty-cent tax by an act which has not yet found its way into the newspapers. The canal authorities, the Harbor Board, and the transportation companies have assumed the burden of this half-cent a bushel, and, so far as its owners are concerned, grain is carried through the Sault Ste. Marie to Canadian ports just as cheaply as it was before the President undertook to tax it in the interest of Ogdensburg. The Canadian people are taxing themselves to the extent of the inconsiderable sum involved in order that Kingston may continue to receive grain that would more naturally go to its rival on the other side of the lake.

Presumably the controversy will be permitted to drop at the end of the present season. The subject is not worth the uproar that has been made over it, while whatever the politicians may be willing to do with the public money, the shareholders in the Canadian transportation companies will soon tire of a patriotic policy that costs them a quarter of a cent on every bushel of grain that they carry.

As a bit of contemporary political history the incident is valuable. The spirit of Conservative Canada is admirably exhibited by it. The men who are now guiding the destinies of our northern neighbor have adopted the policy that Canadians should be defended from the commercial rivalry of the United States. They insist that their markets shall be chiefly for Canadian products, and they regard the idea of free trade between the two countries with horror. The importation of American goods, in their opinion, is in the nature of a hostile invasion, and instead of adding to the country's wealth, is a sign of commercial depression. The most minute Canadian interest is not too small for the solicitude of the Conservative government, as is shown by the fact that it is perfectly willing to pay the price of diverting a few thousand bushels of wheat from Ogdensburg to Kingston.

Canada is going through experiences with which the United States is familiar. It is putting its hand into its pocket to enrich itself. It is dominated by a party which has faith in the hot-house principle of industrial development. Its tariff tax is much lighter than our own; but if the Conservatives remain in a majority, an increase of duties is merely a question of time. Few things grow more rapidly than a protective tariff; and if the Conservative policy continues to prevail, there will come a time when a tariff of forty-five or fifty per cent. will prevent the repetition of recent campaign cries intended to discourage the annexation sentiment by pointing to the enormous duties paid on the necessaries of life by the unfortunate people of the United States.

So long as this policy is dominant, it is idle to hope for anything like commercial union or even general reciprocity between the two countries. In the mean time it behooves the people on this side of the line not to make too much out of little, not to be too prone to reprisals, and not to create a national issue out of a few bushels of grain. Mr. HARRISON's proclamation has not changed the state of things. The Canadian grain boats are not burdened by his tax, for it is borne by others. Ogdensburg is just as badly off as it was before the edict went forth, and Kingston is just as well off. If the Dominion wants to carry on this little grain business at its own expense, it will be guilty of an economic folly, and it will do a wrong to American shippers; but a nation of 65,000,000 people cannot afford to compete with Canada or any other power in a retail business.

## THE ABUSE OF INJUNCTIONS.

NOT all of the criticism that has fallen upon Justice BARNARD, of the Supreme Court, for his Fire Island injunction is exclusively deserved by him. The prevailing practice of the courts in the liberal granting of *ex parte* injunctions is itself largely at fault. Justice BARNARD's act was peculiar only in attempting to apply to the Governor of the State and the Health Officer of the Port the same looseness of method and freedom in the exercise of the restraining power of the court that, applied to private individuals and corporations, has frequently brought undeserved disaster and sometimes ruin upon them.

Private cases of this character generally are allowed to pass almost unnoticed, their history known only to those personally interested. But the granting of the Fire Island injunction gave an unusual shock to the community. A great public danger and a great emergency were being faced. This judicial mandate, suddenly and without opportunity to guard against it, struck down and made powerless the strong arm of the law that had been raised to ward off the danger and to relieve the emergency. To the people it was the law arrayed against the law. By remarkable good fortune two circumstances intervened. One was the existence of the statute forbidding the granting of injunctions against State officers except at General Term, and upon notice; the other was the fact that the General Term of the district chanced to be in actual session at the time, to dissolve the invalid order. If either of these conditions had been wanting, all the circumstances point to the culmination of an extraordinary crisis. Justice BARNARD's dissenting opinion at General Term leaves little doubt that if the matter had depended upon his judgment alone he would have continued the injunction.

That would have presented a remarkable issue between the powers and functions of the highest judicial and executive branches of the State government. It is well there was no occasion to press it to a final decision. High legal authorities express grave doubts whether any power resided in the Supreme Court to restrain the Governor; but a conflict over the question must have proved humiliating and demoralizing. If, however, the occasion had arisen, Governor FLOWER has given evidence by the prudence, sagacity, and energy he displayed throughout the whole trying episode that he would have met such a painful but extreme emergency in an equally determined and efficient manner, and found some method consistent with the dignity of his high office and a proper respect for the Supreme Court to land the passengers from the *Cepheus* upon Fire Island before the storm broke on Tuesday night of last week. There are dictates of common humanity higher and more binding even upon our highest executive officers than the letter of statutes or the mandates of courts. And whatever decision might finally have been reached in the courts as to the power of the judge to restrain certain executive acts, a still higher law would have sustained the Governor in overstepping the possible limits of authority to relieve and

save the passengers on the *Cepheus* from their wretched plight.

The lesson of the occurrence should not be lost upon the bench or the Legislature. The wisdom of the statute in requiring prior notice to State officers before injunctions can issue against them has been demonstrated in the Quarantine case. But the spirit of that law might well be extended to suits between private individuals. Immediate injunctions must sometimes issue to prevent great injustice. Such cases, however, are extremely rare. In nearly all instances prior opportunity to be heard may be given, as it might have been in the Fire Island case, without sacrificing any rights. Frequently this would result in the withholding of any injunction, and perhaps save the defendants from irreparable injury. Injunctions should either be granted with greater caution, or the broad discretion now vested in the judges should be limited by law.

## THE EARLY ELECTIONS.

The elections for State officers in Vermont and Maine, and in Maine for Representatives in Congress, have a certain significance which it would be easy to exaggerate, but which cannot be denied. Vermont is mainly devoted to agriculture, has no very large cities within its borders, but has a considerable manufacturing interest. Owing to its sheep industry, the farmers have been strongly in favor of the protective tariff, and the State is traditionally Republican. The party leaders there, it may be added, are among the best in the Union, and the mass of the party is above the average in intelligence and character. Maine has more manufacturing and a more extensive trade. It also has more "politics," and, owing to the leadership of Mr. BLAINE, the party organization in the State has been very aggressive, and has always been guided with reference to national politics. Each of the States voted this year under a reformed ballot law of an effective character. In Vermont there was an energetic canvass, with some eminent outside speakers, including Mr. McKINLEY. In Maine there was a very thorough canvass indeed, under the immediate and vigilant guidance of Mr. JOSEPH MANLEY, Mr. BLAINE's veteran manager. Senator ALLISON, Mr. FAIRCHILD, Mr. CABOT LODGE, Mr. REED—the strongest speaker in the party—canvassed the State, and Mr. BLAINE, though unable to speak, wrote a letter for this particular occasion, which was put in the hands of every voter. There can be no doubt that the Republicans did everything that they could to secure at least their full vote; early in the campaign they hoped to increase it.

The result in both States is very disappointing to them. In Vermont the majority is the smallest that has been given in a Presidential year since the close of the war. In Maine the loss is even greater. The vote was more full than in Vermont, and the plurality has fallen by one-third. It may be even lower when all the returns are in. There may be a dozen explanations for this fact, but the one cause which can hardly be ignored is that more men voted the Democratic ticket. Mr. REED's case is particularly instructive. In 1890 he had a brilliant victory, with a majority of 4777. This year his majority will not be more than 2000.

How far are these facts to be trusted as an indication of the course of public opinion? Not far enough, certainly, to make the result in November sure. But so far as they go, they can have but one meaning. In Maine it is probable that the disaffection of Mr. BLAINE's personal adherents counted for a good deal. That tends to show that it will count for something in other States, but probably not for so much relatively. But it may be reasonably assumed that the Republican policy of extreme protection has not won increased confidence, has not even retained the confidence formerly given it, and that the Democratic policy has not excited either aversion or apprehension in these States. We know of no part of the country in which this is not likely to be equally true.

## "THE QUALITY OF MERCY."

READERS of Mr. HOWELLS's novel under this title are already aware how he has made the fiction to serve an important social purpose, and how, to borrow the expression of an old English writer, he "drives straight at practice." Our current convention is that the didactic novel cannot be a good novel, and it is really as empty a convention as that which it has supplanted, to the effect that the didactic novel must be a good novel if the "moral lesson" is well chosen and unflinchingly inculcated. Whether we have borrowed our latest convention from the French "art for art" or developed it of ourselves does not much matter. It is equally overset by the works in which Mr. HOWELLS has, we do not say solved, but, at all events, most impressively and powerfully propounded, the social problems of our time and country. Neither his observation nor his description, his facility of receiving or of reproducing impressions, has ever been so conspicuous and attractive as in these later novels.

It is very satisfactory for the admirer of these works to have their power acknowledged and their lesson impressed by persons who are concerned with the problems involved rather than with the workmanship by which the problems are set forth—that is to say, by readers who approach them with purposes distinctly not literary. The literary critic cannot fail to do justice to the art involved, though he may retain his doubts about the reality of which the novel gives him so distinct an impression. It happens that a curiously exact verification of *The Quality of Mercy* has been furnished to a leading journalist, who has imparted it to the author in a letter so strangely interesting as to be very well worth publishing:

"Just as your story was appearing, a lady came to me in deep distress. Her husband had formerly been in the employ of a large corporation. He had embezzled money, and had 'skipped.' The alternative offered by the company was banishment or imprisonment. She begged me to see if a compromise could not be effected. But the matter had gone a little too far, and was then in the hands of the district attorney. The detectives were on his track. A few weeks after I learned of the case, the man was caught. I doubt if there was anybody who read your story with deeper interest than I did, knowing all the circumstances of this case. The man, though not wealthy, held a good social position, and the blow was a great one. He was terribly punished before he got into jail at all. I succeeded in getting his sentence abbreviated to a term of one year, feeling that the man was penitent and that he was worth saving, and the company was not disposed to be vindictive. After he went to the House of Correction, he was placed in charge of the library. I felt a little delicate about sending him your book, but told him how it had affected me. He was much interested to see it, so last week I sent him a copy. I received yesterday the following letter:

"'Your very kind letter with the book, the *Quality of Mercy*, came to my hand in due time. I was very much interested in the book from beginning to end. It seems to me that unless a person has been a defaulter, and has passed through what Northwick did, it would be impossible for him to give such a correct description of such a man. Northwick's case was so much like mine (I might say identical with it), and the feelings and actions of the man described so true to life, that it seemed as though it must be a story of my own life up to the time he returned to his children. I think if I had read the book ten years ago, it would have made me stop and think what my mode of life would lead to in the end. It seems to me that if every man who handles other people's money could read this book, the effect would be far-reaching morally. I can only say that I think the author a wonderful judge of human nature.'"

We are all familiar with the documentary novelist, who amasses his facts before he goes to work, and thereby produces glorified police reports. But that is a very different case from the present, in which the documents come after the work of art, and attest the verity of the novelist's deductions. The testimony of this letter is one which perhaps no novelist has ever received before, and of which the author of *The Quality of Mercy* has every reason to be proud.

## THE GROWING POPULARITY OF NIGHT.

THE flattering prospect of the organization of a club in New York which shall provide its members with acceptable shows between the hours of ten and one at night is an interesting indication of the gradual fading out of any prejudice that may have heretofore obtained in this town in favor of the garish day. There are twenty-four hours in the solar day, all of which are good and all valuable. Which are the best is a question that involves considerations of individual taste, and of the uses to which it is proposed that they shall be put. The simpler society is, the earlier hours it keeps; the more luxurious it grows, the later it goes to bed. From time immemorial there has been a popular feeling that the best use to which the later hours of the night can be put is sleep. How far that is a prejudice rooted far back in times when artificial light was scarce and dear is a mooted question which is easier discussed than determined. In a variety of contemporary occupations men are kept busy until the small hours, and in some of them all night long. But wages for night-work are higher than for labor of the same duration in the daytime, and in that fact appears a practical concession of the superiority of daylight to work in. Whether it is intrinsically better for purposes of toil or not, the vast majority of workers prefer it for those ends, and the demand for it being greater, it is worth more.

But whether it is as good a time to play in is another question, the answer to which is to be sought among the people who are the most expert in answering themselves. The verdict of such persons seems to be that the night is as much fitter for pleasure as the day is for work. The more people there are in any community whose chief employment is diversion, the later the fashionable dinner hour grows, and the later balls begin and clubs and restaurants keep open. Hilarity jars by daylight, but at night it sparkles like a jewel in a proper setting. It even seems as though the night had been so far less profaned by labor than the day that the doom of Adam was less upon it, and it was less subject to the soberness of spirit that that doom involved.

There is a familiar rhyme which connects health, wisdom, and easy circumstances with going to bed betimes and rising early. That old couplet, though much disparaged in these days, has much reason in it. But for the Vaudeville Club it will have no terrors. The gentlemen who are associated in that aggregation are not in it to make money, or to get wise, or to benefit their livers. They are looking for amusement pure and simple, and whether they find it in observation of the flashing legs of Miss LOTTIE COLLINS or in Mlle. GUILBERT's enlivening vocalities, there is no question but that they have chosen the right hours for the uses they intend.

There are working-men even in that notorious cage of night-birds the House of Commons. Many men can stay up until two in the morning a good many nights running, and still do a deal of business next day. Particularly is this true in this city, where so large a proportion of the work in many avocations is done after ten in the morning and before five in the afternoon. There are many very laborious men on the Vaudeville Club's published list. Nevertheless, the club's success, if it succeeds, will be a significant sign of the growing prevalence of a leisure class in the American metropolis.

## ARTISTIC BILL-POSTERS.

ART has been recently enlarging its jurisdiction, and within the week there have appeared upon the dead walls of the city some most marvellous pictures of dancing women—marvellous, that is, in relation to their surroundings and their purpose, accurate in drawing, rich in color, and most artistic in composition; and on them is printed the legend, "After CHERET."

CHERET is the designer and creator of artistic bill-posting in Paris. We in this country have seen the gradual evolution of the poster from the crude vulgarities of the first pictured attempts. We have noted the employment of photographic reproductions. We have seen the signs of skilful drawing, and have realized that the lithographer has grown more deft with his colors, and that he has learned the advantage of the aid of trained intelligence in combining and toning them.

Years ago WILKIE COLLINS conceived that there would be great effectiveness in a fine bill-poster, and when he produced his *Woman in White* as a play, he prevailed upon FRED WALKER, one of the leading water-colorists of his day, to draw the picture for his posters. The block was cut, too, by one of the first engravers of his time, a man who rarely touched the graver himself. The picture was the talk of the kingdom.

And now France, jealous of its art, most careful to exclude whatever may be meretricious, has decorated an artist for the work he has done on posters. CHERET has made France talk of posters as England once talked of WALKER's figure of the Woman in White that decorated the dead walls from one end of the land to the other. CHERET wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor because he has made the art of posters pleasing and true.

And why is not France right in recognizing that true art may be employed in beautifying even the bill whose doom is to be pasted on a brick or wooden wall? At any rate, what country is there that can afford to condemn anything that France may do concerning art?


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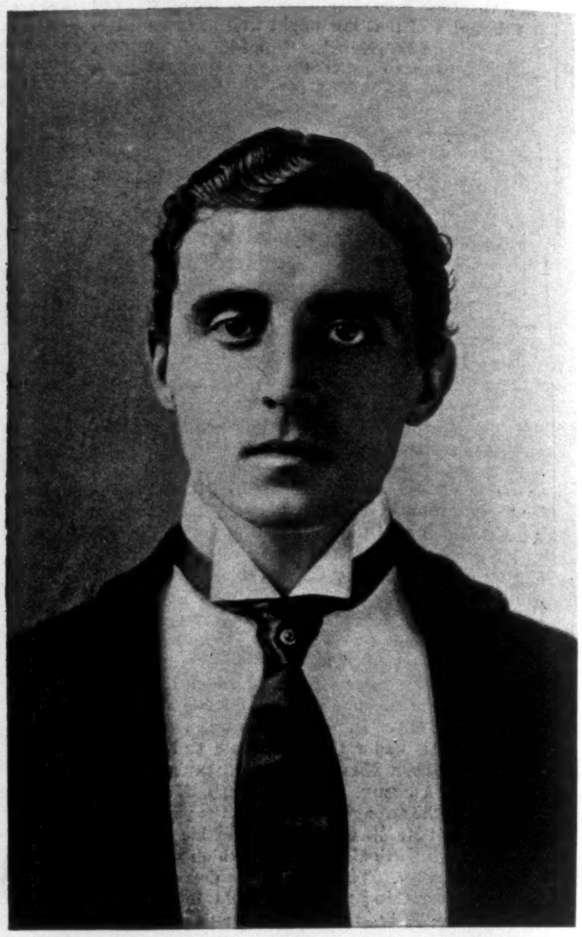
"HE LOVES ME; HE LOVES ME NOT?"



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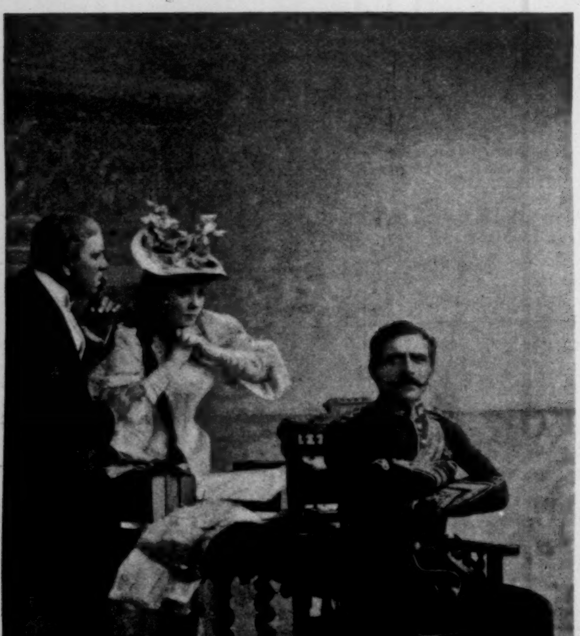

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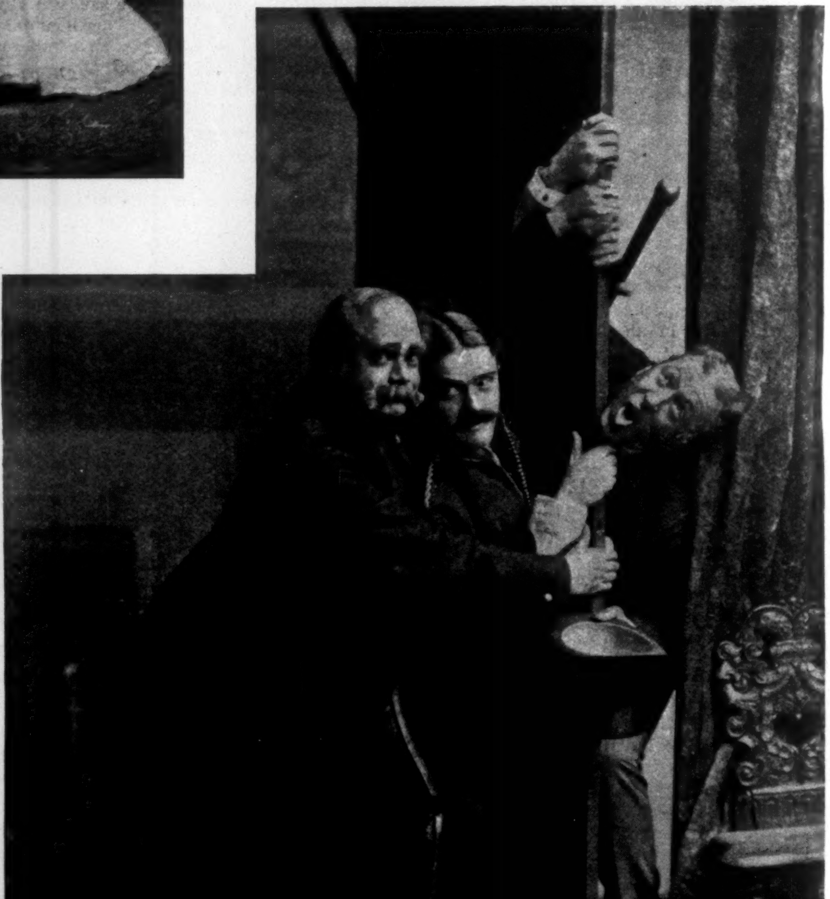


AN UNWELCOME CREDITOR—MESSRS. BUCKSTONE, CLARK, AND MARSHALL.

SCENES FROM "CAPTAIN LETTARBLAIR," MISS MERINGTON'S NEW COMEDY.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 918.]

# AFTER ALL.

BY EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER.

"GOOD-MORNING, Pop. Thought I'd give you a surprise. Glad to see me? Course you are. You can hardly dissemble your delight. I'm such a help in the counting-room. I'd come a good deal oftener if you'd have a carpet on the floor, and wash these horrid dirty windows.

"Go right on working. You needn't mind me. I won't do any mischief, nor make myself a bit of a nuisance. I can always entertain myself, too; it's kind of entertaining just to poke round a place like this. What is this funny-looking thing here in the corner with an iron wheel at the top? 'A letter-press'? Oh! Well, the name is something, though I haven't the least idea what it means. Never mind. One thing at a time. We live to learn. I feel almost fitted to be a type-writer already. Do you have a type-writer? Really? Where does she sit? Oh, in that room. Do they wear men's clothes? I s'pose when they aren't playing on their little printing things they help entertain the customers. I should like to be one myself; I am sure they have lovely times.

"How can you work with your desk so littered up? What is the use of all these papers? Oh, how dusty they are! You need a parlor-maid a good deal more than a type-writer. Pop dear, do you sit as still as this all day long and keep so deadly silent? Dear me! I should think your lips would get stuck together. They *are* shut awfully tight. How thin they look, and what a big nose you have! Kind of like an eagle's beak. That's why they call it aquiline, isn't it? Do you know, sometimes, with that nose and chin and that bulging forehead, you really look like Napoleon? And truly, if I didn't know just what a soft-hearted old thing you are, I might almost fancy there was something hard and cruel about those thin nostrils and that tight mouth. Ha! ha! What an idea—isn't it?

"Now if I bother you, you must send me right away, you know. Of course you'll never have the heart to do it. You see, it got awfully poky sitting alone up there at the house—that's the trouble with being an only child—when all at once I was struck with an idea, and so I took Towser, and ordered them to harness Fanny, and drove down here, you see.

"What are you writing? Do you mind my looking over your shoulder? If it's business, I sha'n't be any wiser after I've read it, you know.

"'MILLVILLE, *May* 30, 1889.

"'DEAR MERRIAM,—I'm sorry to hear you are in such straits. I sympathize with you the more because I am in a good deal the same box myself. Times are hard, and the outlook for the year squally. Money is uncommonly tight already, and rates proportionately high. Of course you can always get what you need if, as in your case, you have the equivalent.

"'Trade here is almost at a standstill. Our own mills are, to be sure, running full time, but at a positive daily loss.

"'Under the circumstances a loan is out of the question. The alternative you hint at of selling a block of your stock is a matter for you to decide. I would make a strain to take it if you conclude to sell.

"'Although, as you know, I am heavily loaded now, and 'tis risky putting all your eggs in one basket, yet I remember that you are your father's son, and I am willing to stretch a point in your favor. Present quotation is 165, but the market is bearish, and the next ten days will see a decline all along the line. I don't feel justified, therefore, in offering you more than 150 net. Cable your decision.

"'Yours truly, JOSEPH SAWYER.'

"What a dear lovely old thing you are, Pop! I s'pose you sit here doing good like this all the livelong time, and nobody ever knows of it. Why should you go and make such a strain to buy this man's stock to help him out of a scrape, and when times are so hard, too? Are these shares of stock in *our* mills? Oh! And this man—who is he? What! the one that lives abroad? You don't really mean it?

"That makes me think. Do you know—of course you don't; I forgot to tell you—old Granny Norton reeled off such a yarn the other day. My goodness me, what a tongue she has! If I ever get to gabble like that, I hope somebody 'll put me to death.

"'What did she say?' Why, that's it. Part of it was about you, but I was a long time in catching on. Do you mind my cracking a nut on your desk? You see, the old girl ran on reams and reams before I paid any attention. First it was all about the Merriams. She knew the whole story of the old man—Square Merriam she called him—about his coming here when there wasn't a dozen houses in Millville, with a pack on his back, nothing but a jack-knife in his pocket, and no clothes on, or something of that sort. I forget the details—how at first he went about peddling, then set up a little store, always trading with everybody, and always getting the best of the bargain, and so on; how he got the railroad to come here; how he started the express business; how at last he built the mill—a little bit of a mill at first—and kept on adding to it year after year till it grew to what it is.

"Where was I? Oh yes; I began to tell what she said about you! 'Twas awful funny to hear her; you know what a chin she's got, and how her nose hooks over; truly and really, take her sidewise and she looks exactly like an old jackdaw. I never saw a jackdaw in my life, but I know precisely how it ought to look.

"Well, as I was saying, *she* said you came to Millville a regular little ragamuffin—think of her telling *me* that, if you please!—that you hadn't a shoe to your foot, and that you earned your first money—your first 'meal of vittles,' *she* said—by holding old Merriam's horse in the street. I s'pose she thought she'd get a rise out of me with that. Ha! ha! ha! Just as if I cared how you earned your first 'meal of vittles.' The point is you *did* earn it, and you've earned a good many since, and mighty good vittles, too. I had a great mind to invite her to dinner on the spot and give her a good stuffing up. Those Nortons are all such a half-starved lot!

"Then she went on *such* a rigmarole—I can never remember it in the world—about old Merriam dying and young Dan getting shouldered out of the business and going off to Europe, where they—whoever she meant by *they*—kept sending him ever so much more money than he ought to spend, and thus set him going in a wild spendthrift career, that he has run through all his fortune, and gone to the bow-wows, or something of that sort—I didn't listen very particularly—and that the first thing folks knew *you* had got everything into your hands and come out as manager of the mills and chief owner and all. Just as if you hadn't paid for everything you have! Did you ever hear of such an old magpie?

"But now to business, Pop—for I came down on business. You never flattered yourself that this was a social call, did you? So? How well I dissembled! No, old darling; much as I dote on you I really haven't time to waste visiting counting-rooms socially of a morning. No; the true end and aim of my coming this morning is that I want something.

"'The old story'! No such thing. Aren't you ashamed? It is at least three days since I've asked for anything. Besides, what if it is an old story? It ought to be an old story. You don't expect me to suffer for the necessaries of life, do you? As I have told you before I am one of the temperaments that require things, that really have to have things.

"'What is it now?' Nothing much! Just a horse and wagon. What are you smiling at? Not any sort of a horse and wagon, but just one special particular kind. Now listen, that there may be no mistake: I want a young, stylish roan cob and a village cart.

"'What's the matter with Fanny?' Matter enough. She is getting old and fat and lazy, and she is so self-willed that I fairly get hoarse, every time I go driving, persuading her not to go after every big tuft of grass on the roadside.

"There, Pop dear, now don't pucker up your mouth in that way! That means more objections, and I am tired of objections. Besides, it really doesn't make the least difference how many you make. I am going to have the horse and wagon, do you hear?

"Sh-sh! Not a word, I say! Kiss me good-by, like a dear, good, dutiful Pop? Ah! so you have directed your letter. 'Daniel Merriam, Esq., Rue Debrousses, near Pont de l'Alma, Paris.' Is he in Paris? No wonder he spends so much money. One more kiss, Pop. I really and truly must be going, for I left Towser holding Fanny down in the yard. You have no idea how funny he looks with the reins in his mouth, and an air of responsibility that would put to shame an English coachman. Day-day! I am going at last in good earnest. I haven't plagued you much this morning, now, really and truly, have I? I have been just as considerate as ever I could be, and you know you like to have me come to the counting-room: it brightens things up so. Goodness gracious me! is that Towser barking? It is, as sure as life; he has seen a cat and dropped the reins. Oh, dear, dear! I hope Fanny will have sense enough not to mind. Come home early, Pop dear, and take me driving. By-by!"

"Not found one yet? What is the matter? Why, 'tis a whole month—do you realize? four long weeks—since I told you to buy it. The trouble is, you haven't been giving your mind to it. You think it is of no consequence. Well, now, I want to impress it upon you that it is of the very greatest

consequence, and you must attend to it at once. Do you hear—umph?

"Besides, it will do you good to get out-of-doors, away from this musty old office. How can you sit here from morning till night? I used to think you had to, but now I know you do it from choice. I think it is positively immoral.

"What are in all these little tin boxes? 'Railroad securities'! What are they? Bonds and things, do you mean? What are all those little tickets you are cutting off that long paper? Oh! And what are they good for? Not really! And this other box, and these big envelopes, are they full of bonds too? 'Stock certificates'! And these on the table, with the writing on the back, are stock certificates too, I suppose.

"'For value received I have bargained, sold, assigned, and transferred, and by these presents do bargain, sell, assign, and transfer, unto Joseph Sawyer one hundred shares of the capital stock named in the within certificate, and I do hereby constitute and appoint Joseph Sawyer my true and lawful attorney for me and in my—' And here is Dan Merriam's name down at the end. What does that mean? Is this that stock you were going to buy, or some more—

"'Can't be bothered explaining everything'! What a dreadful crosspatch you are getting to be, Pop! I should think you would take delight in explaining things to your only child, and developing her intellect. However, if you choose to be grumpy, all right. You can hire somebody to be grumpy to, that's all. I'm going straight home.

"Oh, well, if you didn't mean it, that's different. I'll accept your apology, and we'll make up. And now for a reward I'll tell you my errand.

"I don't know whether I said anything about being over at the Bacons' this morning. Well, I was, and found them all in a hurly-burly getting ready to go abroad. The whole family is going—Mrs. Bacon, Jack, and the two girls—and what do you think? Why, they want me to go with them. Isn't it a great chance? And such a delightful party, too; just like my own folks, you might say. They're going all over the Continent, and Mrs. Bacon says it needn't cost me a penny over twenty-five hundred dollars. Think of that! They will sail in three weeks; their passage will be taken next Monday. Now what do you say?

"You'll 'think of it'? That's right, dear! Think hard and fast, but—whisper in your ear—don't take a great while about it! You see the time is awfully short, and there are oceans and oceans of things to do.

"To begin with, the very first thing for you to do is to draw me a check to buy my travelling outfit, and then I can be getting everything ready, don't you see, while you are doing the thinking.

"Which is your check-book? That big flat one? There it is, then, all open. Not a very big one, you know. Two hundred and fifty will do for a start. You see I'm not going to buy anything here beyond the barest necessaries. I shall wait till we get to Paris for my real shopping. When I am there, of course I shall get enough to last me for two or three years. It will be such a saving in the end.

"PARIS, *August 2d.*

"DEAREST POP,—Such adorable times as I am having! What an unspeakable dunce I have been all these years not to come before! If you can conceive such a thing, I actually like it better than Millville.

"'What do we do?' Everything. We're on the go every blessed minute of the time, and I positively ache with fatigue when night comes. But I like it.

"Will you believe me, nobody understands a word of my French. And, you remember, I studied myself almost blind over it at home.

"Things here are *so* different, anyway. You have to keep all the time remembering that you are not in Millville. The men, for instance, are awfully funny. They stare at you as if— Why, if it wasn't in France, you'd say it was positively impolite.

"What *was* I going to tell? Oh yes—about what we do. Well, we begin right away after breakfast by going to be *tried on*. You see, we are all having clothes made at Worth's. That takes all the morning. Then, when we are ready to drop, and are as hollow as drums, we have our lunch—breakfast *à la* fork, they call it. In the afternoon we go shopping, and if there is any time left, for a drive in the Bois. Then after dinner—and such a dinner! I'll give Kate Maloney a few points on cooking when I get home, see if I don't—we go to the opera.

"Of course we have a lot more shopping to do. It's three weeks nearly since we got here, and I haven't used my letter of credit quite up yet, so you can judge how little I have done.

"There are droves of Americans here. We meet them everywhere—at the opera, at *soirées*, in the galleries, etc.; and some of them are ever so nice.

"Please do remember what I told you about directing my letters! Of course I know Eliza Sawyer is my name, but it is so awfully Yankeefied; and *Élise*, as I told you before, means just the same thing, and is so much sweeter and easier to write. I do wish you would try and recollect that henceforth I am your devoted daughter, ÉLISE."

"PARIS, *August 20th.*

"DARLING POP,—Yes, we are still here, and we go right on having the most heavenly times. We know lots and lots of people now, and some of them are just too lovely. I have strings of beaux. Between ourselves, Alice and Tilly Bacon's noses are a wee bit out of joint about it, and Mrs. Bacon says, in that crispy little way of hers, when the fellows get what she considers too thick, 'Of course, Eliza'—the pains she takes to call me Eliza!—'if you know these young gentlemen, and know that they are all right, and know that they are *our kind*, my dear, I've nothing to say.'

"'Our kind!' Isn't that delightful, Pop? You remember what her kind is in Millville. But I'm not going to talk behind backs about the Bacons; don't you think it for a minute. They have been ever so sweet to me, and, on the whole, they're nice folks in a way—that is, in their own way.

"What now do you think? Why, we've made up a party to go to Switzerland—start next week—which reminds me, do, for pity's sake, send me some money right straight away. They say you can send it by telegraph. I'm sure I don't see how. Isn't your cable address *Sawyer Co.?*

"Yes, my letter of credit is all used up. Now don't scold. I couldn't help it, and I will explain when I get home.

"As I said, we are going to Switzerland; it doesn't cost so much there, you know, as it does in Paris. Some of the fellows are going with us. *I* didn't invite them; nobody did. They just calmly invited themselves. Mrs. B. calls it brazen assurance, and I guess it is; but what can *I* do?

"There are only two of them going, both Americans; there are no foreign counts in mine, Pop. But the fun is, these two are just as jealous as two peacocks. I really shouldn't wonder if it turned out to be a duel. Now don't be scandalized or scared. Duels over here don't hurt; they only knock off a shirt button or singe each other's whiskers, and then kiss and drink absinthe.

"Lest on the strength of the above you go leaping to the conclusion that I am flirting, I assure you, old darling, I am doing no such thing. I am simply pleasant (*civil*, as one of my British admirers says) to these men; just as pleasant to one as to the other. Mrs. B. can talk as much as she likes about my making fools of them, but it's no such thing.

"But here I am 'way down to the bottom of the last page, and so good-by. Have Fanny exercised every day without fail, and don't let them overfeed Towser; and remember, whatever else you forget, that you are coming over in the fall to bring back

"Your loving daughter, ÉLISE."

"INTERLAKEN, *September 15th.*

"DEAR POP.—I can't conceive how my last letter miscarried unless I forgot to stamp it. I am vexed as I can be. It is an irreparable loss. You will never get such another. It was not only as bright as a button, but it told all about our scrapes climbing the mountains, and all about my flirtations.

"The Bacons are now united in the verdict that I am a born coquette. I warn you beforehand, so that you may not mind them when you meet. And all because I have to keep peace between my two swains.

"What am I to do? One or the other of them gets savage every day, and I simply have to pacify him, which unhappily has the effect of immediately driving his rival to frenzy. It keeps me more or less busy, but prevents the time from hanging heavily on my hands.

"Mrs. B. has taken a new tack; she is shuffling off her responsibility of chaperon. She used to stay around and play propriety, but now she actually marches off and leaves me with the men. Ditto Alice and Tilly.

"However, as you know, dear Pop, I am quite equal to the small task of paddling my own canoe, and if they want to sulk, why, sweet peace go with them! We have twice as good times after they are gone. Chaperons are a kind of nuisance anyway, and the next generation will do without them.

"Don't suppose *all* the Bacons act so! Jack has joined our forces. It is too absolutely funny to see all the men stick around me. I'm afraid there won't be much of me left when we get through. I am lifted and helped and hauled up the rocks and mountains till I have a kind of dislocated feeling all over. I'm positive all my limbs need resetting. I am showered with *cadeaux*. Excuse me; that's French for presents. Of course I object, but it does no good. One gives me something to-day, another something vastly finer to-morrow, and so it goes.

"You will ask—you are always asking awkward questions—what the end of it all is going to be. Honestly, Pop, between ourselves, I don't know. A month ago I used to ask myself that question, and the only thing I could think of was to run away.

"But now—this is a secret I'm going to tell you, Pop, and you must never breathe a word of it to a living soul till I give you leave! *Now* things are very different. For the past three weeks I have begun to see my way clearer. I have begun to make a distinction. Now I like one a *great deal* better than the other.

"To tell you the out-and-out truth, Pop, I'm afraid I've fallen a little bit in love with one of them, and it looks as though I should keep on falling.

"In the first place, he is wildly in love with me—you never saw such a desperate case. In the next place, he is an American, and you remember what you have always said about foreign sons-in-law. In the third place, he is just as handsome as ever he can be, and has delightful free-and-easy manners. In the fourth place, he has sowed all his wild-oats, and I should judge from all I can hear he's done his share of that kind of agriculture. But with regard to that, he's through now. He is all done; he has assured me of that, and that his dearest wish in life is to settle down. Now don't you respect any man, Pop, that owns up his faults, and promises to turn over a new leaf? Of course you do; and as for this one, you couldn't resist him.

"Another thing I'm bound to tell you—he's poor. He has made a clean breast of that, too, and says he has nothing left in the world. Will you think the less of him for that? Were you not once in the same case yourself? Have you not always said you had no opinion of these men whose only capital in life is their grandfather's purse?

"I tell you all this, Pop, because you ought—because I thought you would perhaps like to hear. This young man is nothing to me yet—that is, strictly speaking—and he may never be, but somehow I feel as if I wanted you posted about things the same as if you were here. However, you needn't pay any great attention to what I have said until you hear further. If anything happens, I'll cable you at once. Your own dear daughter, ÉLISE."

"Sawyer Co., Millville, Connecticut.—Something has happened; his name is Dan Merriam. ÉLISE."

## E. H. SOTHERN.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

IT is much more difficult to write about a man one knows than of a man of whom one knows but little. You are handicapped at the start by not being able to say those things which you know are the most important concerning him, which are most characteristic, and which go to show the manner of man he really is, because you have come by this knowledge through a more or less intimate association and as a friend, and not as a biographer. And what makes you best like him and the things you most admire in him are the very things, owing to the manner in which you have come by them, of which you must not speak in cold type which any one may read. I might, for instance—I would if I could—tell one story which would better illustrate Mr. Sothern's character than two columns of dates and history, but which must be kept back because one cannot praise a man for doing what every one would consider only his duty, whether he ever had the chance to perform that particular duty himself or not. So I shall confine myself to telling those things which any one may know for the asking, and trust that they will be sufficient to awaken your interest in a most interesting young man.

As every one knows, young Sothern started with a very decided handicap in the fact that he was the son of his father—a father who was at that time the most popular comedian in England, and possibly in this country as well. People who do not stop to think may consider this an advantage rather than a handicap, but that is because they have never tried, not only to make their own name known, but to make people accept it in place of a name already familiar. Young Fitzmaurice or young Irving Towers, or a young Smith or Jones, or any other boy actor who appears unheralded and unknown, is too insignificant to be abused if he is bad, or while he is learning to be better, and is immoderately praised if he, from whom nothing is expected, should show signs of talent.

But with the son of E. A. Sothern it is a very different matter. The moment he comes on the stage the critics sit erect, and say, "Ah, this is Sothern's boy, is it? What can he do?" And, instead of his coming on and going off with as little notice as the insignificance of his part deserves, he is followed about the stage with the lime-light of his father's fame, and whatever he does, no matter how crude, is conspicuous and emphasized. Add to this the fact that the father does not want the son to go on the stage at all and you can see the young actor's début is not encouraging. With a stern parent saying "I told you so" behind the foot-lights, and the critics advising him to change his name in front, young Eddie Sothern's first year was not a happy one. His first year began in 1879, at what was then the Park Theatre, where he made his first appearance on any stage in *Sam*. His father played the title rôle, and he played a cabman, who brought in a trunk, and said, "Half a crown, your honor. I think you won't object." His by-play was to touch his hat, and to keep touching it from the time of his coming on to his going off. Young Sothern was so intent on this subtle piece of stage business that when his father turned on him sharply and asked, "What are you waiting for?" he quite forgot about the half-crown, and continued to touch his hat and bob his head and wonder, in a blind fit of terror, what he was waiting for anyway. His father gave him the line in a whisper, but Sothern, who did not then know that one can speak in an ordinary tone on the stage without being heard in front, thought that the whole house had understood his father's prompting him, and was deeply hurt in consequence, and went off bitterly mortified. So that was his first appearance, at the age of nineteen, as a cabman, with one line to speak and a trunk to carry. To-day he has made his father's name as familiar to this decade as it was in the last, and has made himself a star who is quite alone and individual among the other stars of the American stage. He is at the head of what is virtually his own company, and has plays written for him to order, just as other men have coats, and in place of cabmen's parts and trunks to carry, he plays dukes and lords, and never carries anything less fine than a fresh pair of white gloves or a Victoria Cross. But all these fine things only came after ten years' waiting and working, and various up and various downs.

Sothern passed the first year in his father's company, and the year after that with John McCullough, when he would rush up stage, crying, "Fire! kill! destroy!" in a sleeveless tunic and fleshings. After that he went to England for a year, and remained there until some time after the death of his father and mother, when he returned to this country, and again joined McCullough. In all of these years Mr. Sothern was simply learning. That is one of the advantages of the stage as a profession—it pays you while you are learning. There is no one to pay a lawyer or a doctor or an engineer while he is learning, but the actor can always get something, even if he is only carrying a spear. In the time that followed the world did not go very well with Mr. E. H. Sothern. He skips that part of his life when he is talking about himself, a thing which he does only under severe external pressure. For that part of his life is filled with rather ungrateful memories of unpaid salaries and unkept promises; of companies stranded in the middle of the season, and managers who were stranded almost before the season began. These are undoubtedly unpleasant recollections; but when one considers the way he overcame them, and in the light of his success, one would think he should rather be proud of them than otherwise, and of having risen so quickly and permanently out of such thankless beginnings.

People who have succeeded always like to put their finger on the spot where their success began, as people who miss the train which later runs into an open switch like to think that their lives were spared because they stopped to take a second cup of coffee. "If it hadn't been for that second cup!" they say. The spot from which Mr. Sothern dates the turn in his fortunes is situated on some part of Broadway. Mr. Sothern was going down this thoroughfare one day in a dejected and discouraged spirit; managers did not seem to want him, the public had not learned to know him well enough to forget him, and even the papers left him alone. In this desperate frame of mind he met a friend who asked him to come and hear a man read a play. The fact that Mr. Sothern did go to hear this play read shows how desperate his condition was. The play was very bad, and Sothern, on being asked his opinion, said so to the author. A year later the author succeeded in getting the play placed upon the stage, and telegraphed wildly over the United States for Mr. Sothern, who was then travelling, to drop his present engagement, to return to New York, and play the villain in the piece. This Mr. Sothern did, not because he thought he could play a villain, but because he had not received any salary for twelve weeks. On his return Sothern asked the author why, of all people, he had chosen him to leave one company and come East to play the villain in his. The author replied that on the afternoon of the day when he had first met Sothern, and when he had read him his play, he had noticed "a wicked look in his eye," and had said to himself in consequence, "That is the man to play my villain in my play." Accordingly, a year later, when he was about to cast the play, he had made it a point to discover the whereabouts of the young stranger with the wicked eyes, and had offered him that part. It would make a much better story if I could now add that Mr. Sothern made the hit of his life and the sensation of the day. This, I regret to say, I cannot do; for, though I never saw him in the part, he assures me he was very bad in it—so bad, indeed, that Miss Helen Dauvray's manager, after seeing him play the villain, promptly engaged him to play low comedy in her company. It was in the first part he played in Miss Dauvray's company that he made his first metropolitan hit, and in the year following was engaged as Miss Dauvray's leading man. As the lover in *The American Girl* he became known as a leading juvenile and character actor, and the world smiled again, and he has helped to keep it smiling ever since.

Mr. Sothern admits that he might have been given a good part later, but calls especial attention to the fact that if he had not listened to the play of the unknown author, and had not rolled his eyes, he would not have been engaged to play the villain, he would not have been seen by Miss Helen Dauvray's manager, and would not have had a chance to

show in a good part, when a good part was all he needed. A year after the hit with Miss Dauvray, Mr. Sothern's younger brother Sam, who is a very nice chap, and who is acting in London, asked his brother to take a play of their father's, called *Trade*, to Mr. Dan Frohman and see if he would buy it. Mr. Frohman at first did not think it adapted to his company, but a week later changed his mind and took the play, and, what was much more important to young Sothern, asked him to play the principal part. The play is now known all over this country as *The Highest Bidder*, and the young actor made a popular success, and became through it dear to the managerial heart from Denver to Winnipeg and from Boston to St. Paul. In this city he has always had a following and clientèle of his own which curiously embraces many classes of people; for the people in the gallery enjoy it, even if they do not understand it all, and those down-stairs who understand it more thoroughly enjoy it all the better for that. *Lord Chumley* followed *The Bidder*, and *The Maister of Woodbarrow* followed that, and then came *The Dancing Girl*. This very remarkable play was to a few the real turning-point in Mr. Sothern's career. Before that, as an eccentric and light comedian, he had been amusing, happy, and clever. But as the Duke of Guisebury he put aside childish things, and showed us vividly and with unexpected power a very real and very modern young man at a crisis in his life, when he is driven and distraught with cares which his own carelessness has brought and with the trouble which comes sometimes to those who have sought nothing in their lives but pleasure.

There are two very strong situations in *The Dancing Girl*, one at the end of the second and one at the end of the third act; the latter is the author's, and the other is the actor's. Given a real Duke, in evening dress, at the bottom of a flight of marble steps, in the light of a stained-glass window, with a vial of poison in his hand, and you have a situation of which any actor would make something in spite of himself. But the situation in the second act is stronger, and any but a strong player would be swamped by it, or would evade its meaning entirely, and render the playwright's work futile. Mr. Sothern makes more of it than, I believe myself, the playwright knew was there, and rises to it and seizes every chance, as those who have only seen him in eccentric comedy would not believe possible. The finest thing in this and the most difficult, is where Mr. Sothern as the Duke, when he finds the world against him and every man his enemy, he himself being the worst, begs the woman he has refused to marry—at her request—to marry him, and she, now that it is her turn, mocks him. The struggle between the lover—who has lost everything else but the woman's love, and who now finds that he has never possessed that—and the gentleman who will not humiliate himself to beg of such a woman is one of the most painful and yet one of the most remarkable things that any of our young actors have shown us for some time.

A few of Mr. Sothern's friends did not like *The Dancing Girl*. Not because it taught a good moral, but because in teaching this good moral it had to do with a bad woman. Some even went so far as to advise people not to see Mr. Sothern in the play, but to wait until they could enjoy him in *The Highest Bidder*. It was as if some one said, "Do not judge Thackeray by *Vanity Fair*, in which that horrid Becky Sharp appears, but read him at his best in those delightfully funny things he wrote for *Punch*." At the present time, however, Mr. Sothern is pleasing every one as Captain Lettarblair, and all men speak well of him. He has a light-hearted and clever play, and a happy amusing part—amusing even when he is in trouble, for we know such an attractive young man and such an attractive young woman cannot be kept long apart, and will get married, in spite of Miss Marguerite Merington's effort to make trouble between them.

There is a page of pictures in another part of this paper which shows scenes from *Captain Lettarblair* and some of the clever people who make these scenes. The pictures are most interesting, and the play is as interesting as the pictures. And before the winter is over every one will have seen Mr. Sothern in his fine red coat and medals, and Miss Virginia Harned with the skirt of her frock locked in the door, and the attractive but wicked Mr. Selten who "hates tea," and Mr. Buckstone with his musket, and will have heard Mr. Flockton play the zither. They will also learn from Miss Merington how to write a model love-letter in four words, the four words being "Come back to me." If they do not, they will have missed a play which "cheers and elevates," and an opportunity of seeing a good thing well done.

The public are not supposed to interest themselves with the actor except when he is on the stage. His private life is his own, and concerns them not at all, which is as it should be. But in the case of Mr. Sothern, as with others of his profession, his degree of success has depended so intimately upon his private life and character, that any one who writes of him as an actor must also consider him more or less as a man. As a man he has chosen, I think, the better part in several ways. He does not, for instance, first ask proudly, "Well, what did you think of me?" but invariably, "Where do you think I could improve it? Where is the weak point?" And he has, for another thing, seldom sought what Mr. Joseph Jefferson calls in his book "the second round of applause"; he has not "spent to-morrow" on the night previous, by turning night into day. This seems like a simple virtue, but I think the highest compliment a man can pay his work, and the best sign he can give of his sincerity in it, is in taking care of his health at the expense of his pleasures. That sounds like a very silly, homely platitude, but when I hear of an actor who looks after his sleep and who has regard for his nerves and gives up a late supper that he may be in form at rehearsal the next morning, or a feverish afternoon at the races for a long tramp in the Park, I feel sure that he will do more for the drama in the end, and for himself as well, than those of his profession who write beautiful articles for the reviews on the "Elevation of the Stage." If the stage needs elevating, a hundred magazine articles, no matter how appealing their tone may be, will not accomplish half the good that one prominent actor can do by simply going about his work modestly and sincerely, and taking himself and his calling seriously, and believing that the work laid out for him to do is so fine and worthy that it needs no apologists.

The *North American Review* has just published an article on the drama, from which I will quote a paragraph. It shows, I think, how mistaken even so prominent a member of the dramatic profession as Mr. Richard Mansfield may be about matters which concern that profession:

"The actor rarely now depends upon his *acting*. He must be a diplomat and a courtier, too; he must placate a hundred people who write, and thousands who entertain; he must be a thing to be gaped at and wondered at; he must loll and pose in drawing-rooms, and be a snob and a sycophant, or he is very likely to fail."

The reason I quote this is because it describes just the identical means without which Mr. Sothern has attained his success. I would certainly not call him either a snob or a sycophant, certainly not within reach of his brave right arm. And he has neither advertised himself at afternoon teas or in drawing-rooms, nor on the bleaching-boards or at the prize-ring side. To none of these is he a frequent visitor. He has chosen rather to advertise himself in one place, and that place is on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre. And from that modest expanse of board flooring his name has gone out over this country, not as a writer about his art, with a large capital A, or as a critic of critics, not as an Adonis of roof gardens, nor as a *raconteur* of the Hoffman House bar, but as an earnest young gentleman who prefers reputation to notoriety, who knows how to act, and is quite content to do that well, and who does not struggle to be known in any less worthy direction.

## TWO DAYS WITH THE CHOLERA EXILES.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

SINCE the two days and one night spent on the HARPER'S WEEKLY tug-boat among the quarantined in the Upper and Lower Bays and at Fire Island, I have been racking my brain for an epigram that would convey the best illustration to the public of Health Officer Jenkins, and his relations to the ill-fated first-cabin passengers of the *Normannia*. I have concluded that the appeal to his patrons by the mining camp dance-hall proprietor, in the days when the West was really "wild and woolly," "Please do not shoot the pianist; he is doing the best he knows how," is the most fitting. Having seen with my own eyes the gross blunders in handling these people, and heard with my own ears of their wretched condition consequent upon these blunders, I am prepared, without the courage which anonymity lends, to call their treatment utterly unnecessary and barbarous to a degree bordering on the fiendish.

It must be borne in mind, to thoroughly appreciate just how unnecessary was the reception accorded the quarantined travellers, that cholera had been raging in certain portions of Europe through the months of July and August, and in sections from which large numbers of immigrants were constantly coming to this country. Not only was this a well-known fact, but the health officers were quite as well aware that during the latter part of August and first of September the bulk of European travel turns its face homeward.

Very few who have closely watched matters in the past two weeks are disposed, and I am quite sure I am not, to credit Dr. Jenkins with any but the best intentions. There can be no doubt that he meant well enough, but for all the executive ability he displayed he might, with equal advantage to the poor *Normannia* passengers, have been replaced by any doctor less prominently placed. However, facts speak for themselves.

eral weeks to come. Six vessels are said to be due from Hamburg, the cholera hot-house of 1892, in the coming two weeks, and Heaven knows how many unwashed Ishmaelites will tax the working of the already overburdened quarantine machinery.

The only official of high degree who has shown an appreciation of the necessity for immediate and energetic action is Governor Flower, of this State. The chances are even that had he not shown strength of character enough to act promptly and humanely the injunction against the landing of the *Normannia's* passengers on Fire Island, formulated at Islip, Long Island, by lawyers Fishel & Reid, and granted by Judge Barnard of Brooklyn, would still be holding sway in the courts, while the imprisoned passengers on the *Cepheus* went hungry and unclean.

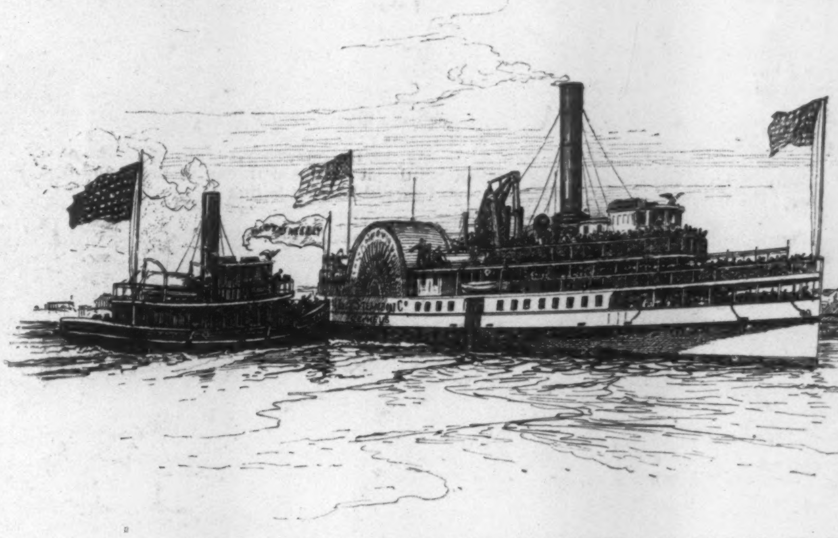
In these days of powerful political machinery it speaks volumes for Roswell P. Flower to say that in the hour of his fellow citizens' need he acted like a man and a Governor with a big G, and not like a political puppet. When remonstrated with by one of the latter species on the danger of losing votes, his reply was "I don't care a d—— about the Democratic or any other vote. Those people are suffering, and are going to be taken care of." In fact, Governor Flower seems to be the hero of the cholera hour; he made the purchase of Fire Island possible by putting up $50,000 of personal money to close the deal; his efforts brought about the dissolution of that outrageous injunction, and his orders sent the militia, the very knowledge of whose coming scattered the clam-diggers.

And now we come to the arrival of the *Normannia*, September 3d, which was destined to give a practical and painful demonstration of just how much valuable time Dr. Jenkins had wasted. It must be remembered that we knew all about the cholera before the *Normannia* and the *Rugia* sailed from Hamburg, the former with (about) 600 cabin and 500 steerage passengers, the latter with 98 cabin and 430 steerage. As the *Moravia* had arrived from the same port three days before with a record of 22 deaths, to say nothing of those infected, it might be supposed these last days of grace would have been made much of in getting quarters where the infected could be separated from the healthy, and all taken from the ship with its fatal germs. But nothing of the kind was done.

It will be well for the readers of this article to note dates from this out, in order to have a proper conception of the case.

The *Normannia* arrived Saturday morning, September 3d, bringing several sick, and the news of 5 deaths *en route*. With the dread disease spreading among them, those 500 steerage passengers were kept on board until Sunday afternoon; while above them, separated only by a single deck, were the 600 uninfected cabin passengers. Fancy the horror of confinement on a ship where cholera is raging below you, and where you live in momentary dread of being stricken down by the insatiable disease, and cast, a shunned creature, into the quarters of the dead and dying.

Senator John R. McPherson of New Jersey, who was a



"HARPER'S WEEKLY" TUG PUSHING THE "CEPHEUS" TO FIRE ISLAND PIER.

August 23d, our consul at Hamburg, and also at Havre, had both reported cholera existing there, and the New York city Board of Health issued a precautionary circular.

On August 24th Dr. Jenkins proved himself alive to the possibility of cholera reaching the United States by prohibiting the entry of rags into this city, and announcing everything in readiness at Quarantine for handling the dreaded germs if they reached us, as well as his intention of detaining from five to seven days all steamers arriving with cholera cases.

Such a thought as providing places of refuge for the uninfected seemed not to have entered Dr. Jenkins's head, and only the two city islands, Hoffman and Swinburne, where the scum of invalided European pauperism makes its home, were available. Here was an entire week passing, with a score of ships, half of them from infected ports, averaging at least 800 souls each, on the way and sailing, and no extra provision being made.

August 31st, the first pest ship, the *Moravia*, of the Hamburg-American line, reached Quarantine station from Hamburg, with over 400 immigrants, and a record of twenty-two deaths from cholera at sea.

September 1st, President Harrison issued a proclamation that ships must be detained in quarantine twenty days, which created some discussion between the health and Federal authorities as to "who was running this thing, anyhow." Certainly it was being run "anyhow," but by whom is, I believe, a matter yet to be settled.

It would have been more to the purpose if President Harrison had closed our ports to all vessels bringing European immigrants.

After slumbering over the matter for thirteen days after the *Moravia's* arrival, August 31st, Francis Hendricks, Collector of the Port, at last mildly requested the steamship companies to bring over no more immigrants, and they agreed to comply with the request when their present contracts have been fulfilled, which means that the ships will continue to arrive and continue to bring immigrants for sev-

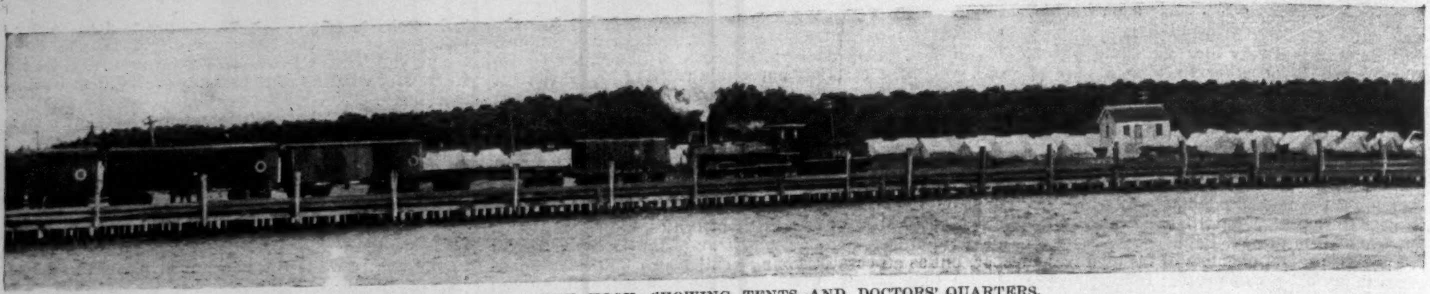
passenger on the *Normannia*, told me on the Fire Island wharf that although they arrived Saturday, no disinfectants were sent on board until Tuesday, September 6th, and that dead bodies were left on the ship thirty-six hours. The cholera broke out among the stewards on the 5th or 6th, and the captain of the *Normannia* begged to have the cabin passengers removed, less the plague seize upon them.

On September 5th Dr. Jenkins and Secretary of the Treasury Foster discussed what should be done with the cabin passengers; but nothing definite was decided on. September 6th Secretary Foster offered a piece of land on Sandy Hook to Dr. Jenkins as a refuge camp, and the latter decided to think over it. September 7th Dr. Jenkins was still thinking. In the mean time the *Normannia's* 600 passengers were penned up in the ship with death lurking on every side of them; no water, save that from the polluted Elbe, until the second or third day of their detention; and almost every hour bringing from the steerage its story of a "new case." And those steerage passengers, unclean cholera-trafficking wretches that they are—heavens! what must have been the torture of the uninfected—huddled together in quarters reeking in filth, where sleep was impossible and the moments agonizing in expectation of the plague? Herded into the one transfer-boat, the well, the dying, and the dead made their three-mile trip up the bay, the dead and the dying to be consigned to the crematory and hospital on Swinburne Island, and the well to be taken to Hoffman Island for disinfection.

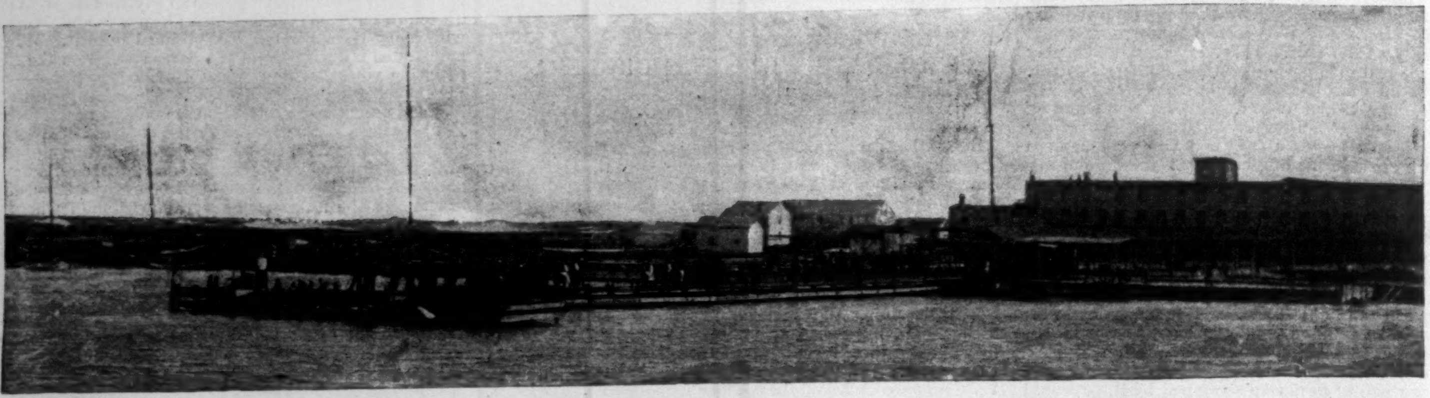
While Dr. Jenkins was still "thinking," J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq., on September 8th, came to the rescue by purchasing the *Stonington*, and offering her as a refuge for the *Normannia* passengers. September 10th she was ready for service, and on this day also a refuge camp was begun at Sandy Hook at Mr. Austin Corbin's expense, and finished September 16th.

It was therefore seven days after their arrival that any provision was made for the removal of the *Normannia's*

(*Continued on page 934.*)

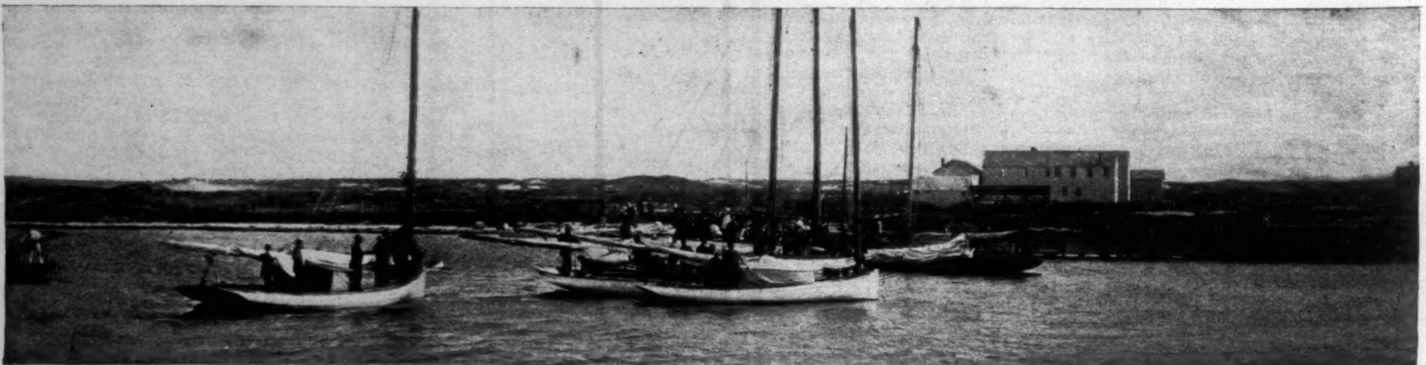


CAMP LOW AT SANDY HOOK, SHOWING TENTS AND DOCTORS' QUARTERS.



THE MOB, HAVING REPULSED THE "NORMANNIA" PASSENGERS, DISPERSING—SURF HOTEL IN BACKGROUND.

THE IMPRISONED "NORMANNIA" PASSENGERS ON THE "CEPHEUS" OFF THE WHARF AT FIRE ISLAND



THE BAY SHORE CLAM-DIGGERS, WHO WERE OF THE MOB, TAKING TO THEIR BOATS.

TWO DAYS WITH THE CHOLERA EXILES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM THE "HARPER'S WEEKLY" TUG BY G. S. RICHARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 919.]

# BERLIN

BY ANTONIN PROUST.

DOCTORS have invented a pleasant-sounding word to describe a widespread evil, the microbe of which I strongly suspect will be found in politics. This word is *neurasthenia*, or irritation of the nervous system. Neurasthenia manifests itself in very different ways; there is placid neurasthenia and excited neurasthenia. With myself neurasthenia shows itself in an imperative necessity for change of scene, and it was under stress of one of the most violent crises of the complaint I have been through that I went to Berlin for the first time. It was in the spring of 1882. In November, 1881, Gambetta had chosen his ministry; at the end of January, 1882, the Chamber of Deputies had turned that ministry out of office. For the brief period of our existence we had one and all struggled to do something useful, and to a certain extent we had succeeded. I say to a certain extent, because none but those who have exercised the ministerial functions under the French parliamentary system have any idea how much one is at the mercy of futile daily routine, and how difficult is action in the true sense of the word. I had then, on the 31st of January, 1882, laid aside those much coveted but anything but enviable functions with feelings of inexhaustible indulgence for our successors, but with a firm determination to go at once to a sufficient distance to be able to judge things truly. I started with one of my friends on the Northern Railway, crossing Belgium on the eve of March 1st, and reaching Berlin on the 2d. The impression made on me when I entered that town on a foggy morning was not favorable. Heavy brooding clouds hung over the Brandenburg Gate, which, I have since been told, was built on the model of the Propylæa. The quadriga of the Monument of Victory was swallowed up by the fog. We crossed the Pariser Platz, with its London-like buildings, and it was only with difficulty that I could make out the celebrated avenue of Unter den Linden. The carriage stopped at the corner of that avenue and the Wilhelmsstrasse, in front of the Hôtel Royal. The double gates were opened, not for us, but for the porter preceding us, who was very stout. This functionary in uniform instructed other functionaries of lower rank to install us in rooms overlooking the Wilhelmsstrasse, opposite the British Embassy, and there we soon laid down our weary heads upon the narrow German pillows.

When the sun appeared, for it did do us the honor of shining for once, we went down to see the town. Baedeker's Guide says that "the handsomest part of Berlin is the long line of streets extending from the Brandenburg Gate to the Royal Palace, consisting of Unter den Linden, the Platz am Opernhaus, and the Lustgarten." "The Linden," he adds, "derives its name from the avenues of lime-trees interspersed with chestnuts .... and is flanked with handsome palaces, spacious hotels, and attractive shops, between which the long vistas of a number of side streets are visible at intervals. The length of the street from the Brandenburg Gate to the Monument is about two-thirds of a mile, and it is some 150 feet wide." Baedeker also says that the avenue Unter den Linden is only exceeded in length by the boulevards of Paris. I do not wish to say anything to wound the *amour propre* of the Berliners, but this avenue is but a provincial one after all, and walking along it there is nothing to attract one's notice but the Café Bauer, the Hill Restaurant, and the uninteresting lifeless passage called the *Kaisergallerie*, which connects it with the Friedrichsstrasse, and in which at an expense of 50 pfennings you can see a representation in wax of a séance of the Berlin Congress. Now and then the gates of one of the "handsome palaces" open, and a fantastic equipage issues forth, from the top of which a plumed footman peremptorily orders about the drivers of the shabby vehicles plying for hire along the sides of the street. The only people who really look at all imposing are the riders, from the mounted police, who dash about from one crossing to another, controlling the traffic pouring in from the side streets, to the officer who curvets from the Thiergarten to the Monument with an air of complete contempt for civilians and civilian life. I may add that the Unter den Linden has no foot-pavements, or next to none, so that it cannot have been the scene of the legend of the Good Knight Tannhäuser, and Jean de Meung would not throughout its entire length have found material for another chapter of his *Roman de la Rose*.

AN OFFICER.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE AVENUE OF UNTER DEN LINDEN.

One of the most noteworthy peculiarities of Berlin is its silence. Not even in the Friedrichsstrasse, where there is a great deal of traffic, and where the shops are most numerous, are there any street cries or noises. The hurrying crowds do not seem to be alive in any true sense of the word, and there is, so to speak, no centre of activity in Berlin. This, however, must not be considered a reproach, for the town is in a transition state, the number of its inhabitants daily increasing and its boundaries widening, as new buildings arise on the side of the Potsdam station and in the avenues along the Thiergarten, which form a kind of connecting link between Berlin and Charlottenburg. These houses, too, are in a better style than the Greco-Gothic buildings of most of the modern quarters of the town. But individual character is still wanting, even in them. Rubble and freestone were both unknown in Berlin, and recourse was had to cement, which, lending itself as it does to every form, was used, or rather abused, to make all manner of bizarre combinations and imitations. In this connection the architect Schinkel, who

(*Continued on page 924.*)

EMPEROR WILLIAM AND PRINCE BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUHE, OCTOBER 30, 1888.

A UHLAN TRUMPETER.

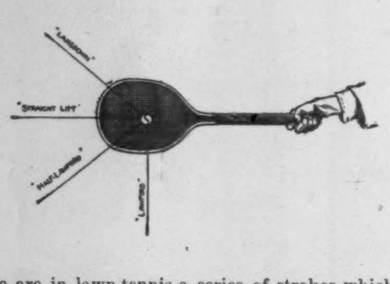
# SCIENTIFIC TENNIS.

BY J. PARMLY PARET.

LAWN-TENNIS as a game of science stands to-day second to no out-door game of skill, yet by far the greater portion of its devotees do not half comprehend the science they use. They do certain things, play certain strokes, and know the results of them, but do not know the real reason for these results, and do not stop to argue out the other end of the principle of cause and effect involved. In this way they learn certain strokes, which they use, but they have not the slightest idea why the ball acts in the peculiar way it does when they hit it. But as there is a reason for all things, so is there a scientific explanation for the results of each of these plays.

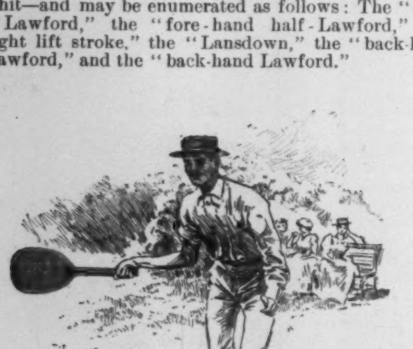
One of the cardinal principles of the law of gravitation, as taught by natural philosophy, is that the angle of deflection is equal to the angle of incidence, and this is perhaps one of the most important points to be understood by those desiring to learn to play tennis. The flight of a tennis ball through the air and the direction of its rebound from the ground must first be mastered before one can ascertain where the ball will present itself to be struck. The attraction of gravitation draws a flying ball to the earth, but in doing so must first overcome its tendency to go in some other direction, either up or straight ahead, according to the manner in which it was hit. When he sees a ball fly through the air, a tennis-player must first calculate its speed and direction, for from these he finds out where it will strike the ground; and then the angle at which it will rise, so that he may know where he can strike it, for the racket must be swung long before the ball has reached the point at which he hopes to hit it. This is one of the great failings of beginners; they wait to see where the ball will be in the air, and then putting their racket against it, attempt to push it over the net, instead of calculating its position and hitting the ball by a quick swinging blow. These two points of the flight and bounce of the ball once mastered, however, and the beginner is ready to learn *how* to hit the ball.

As said before, the angle of deflection should equal the angle of incidence, and so it would in tennis if all strokes were played without artificial means of defeating this law of nature. If no arts were practised to interfere with this, and the ball always bounced up from the ground as it went down to it, lawn-tennis would lose much of its scientific capabilities. But as it is, man's ingenuity has forced nature to take a back seat, and by various "cuts" and "twists" the bounce of the ball is varied greatly. In almost if not all games where a ball is used, in the air or on the ground, similar arts are practised. The "curve" or "drop" ball which a pitcher delivers in baseball, the "twist" or "curve" ball which a bowler rolls, and the "English," "follow," "draw," and "massé" shots which are played in billiards, all correspond to these "cuts" and "twists" in tennis, and the results are based on the same general principle of the friction caused by the twisting of the ball. In baseball the ball is in the air; in bowling and billiards, on the ground; but tennis combines both, for the effect of the "twist" both in the air and on the ground is calculated upon.




There are in lawn-tennis a series of strokes which nearly, if not all, have direct equivalents in billiards, though in one or two instances the results are slightly different, owing to the different conditions of the two games. In billiards the ball is put in motion from a standing position, and a pointed stick or cue is all that is required to produce these different results; but in tennis the ball is already in motion when hit, and a large striking surface is allowed to drive with. Instead of being struck on one side or the other to produce a twist, the racket is drawn in one direction or another in the act of striking, and as the ball comes in contact with the rough sliding surface of the stringing, it receives a twisting motion in the opposite direction from which the racket was drawn, and the ball leaves the side or end of the racket according to the twist used. A diagram is given herewith to illustrate which part of the head of a racket the ball leaves in executing the different well-known strokes.

All of the principal twist strokes of a game are played off from the ground—that is, allowed to bounce before being hit—and may be enumerated as follows: The "fore-hand Lawford," the "fore-hand half-Lawford," the "straight lift stroke," the "Lansdown," the "back-hand half-Lawford," and the "back-hand Lawford."



FORE-HAND LAWFORD.

The first of these strokes, the "Lawford," is one of the most talked of and least known and used strokes in the whole list. Some years ago one of the finest lawn-tennis players in England was Henry F. Lawford, and this man had a peculiar style of hitting the ball, which has probably never been exactly copied by any other player, though variations of it are played frequently, and so get their different names. This play became quite famous, and was always referred to as the "Lawford" stroke. Many players attempted to use it, but not one in a thousand succeeded in hitting the ball in just the same way as did its originator. The natural consequence is that the name has become a by-word among tennis-players, and the great mass of the more unenlightened of them still refer to nearly, if not all, fore-hand strokes as "Lawfords."

The effect of this stroke, when properly played, is almost identical with that of a straight "follow" shot in billiards, as the ball receives a strong over-twist. As it flies through the air, very swiftly at first, the friction of the ball turning rapidly stops its progress, and it falls suddenly to the ground when the forward momentum is nearly lost and the attraction of gravity begins to act. When it strikes the ground, its twist again comes into use, and it "shoots" forward without rising as much as the angle of incidence would require it to. This stroke is played when the ball is at the highest point of its rebound from the court, and with great speed. The racket is held very stiffly in the hand, with the wrist perfectly rigid. The forearm is drawn up suddenly as the stroke is made, the elbow being held close to the side, and acting as a pivot. The ball leaves the racket when it is parallel to the ground, and rolls off the lower edge of the stringing, thus receiving the forward impetus and the over-twist at the same time. This stroke is very difficult to master and play well, and is only effective if the player has great accuracy as well as speed with it. Being

FORE-HAND HALF-LAWFORD.

always played off the ground, it is necessarily connected with and adapted to a base-line game.

The second stroke, or "fore-hand half-Lawford," is merely a modification of the true Lawford stroke, and is much easier to master and play. The effect of the play is to give the ball a diagonal twisting motion, corresponding to a "follow" shot in billiards with left "English." The ball drops nearly as quickly as with the Lawford twist, but also curves in the air to the left during its flight. The position of the body and arm while playing this stroke is much the same as in the Lawford, but the racket is drawn up and out from the body to the right at the same time, and the ball rolls off the lower left-hand corner of the racket. The "back-hand half-Lawford" and "back-hand Lawford" strokes are just the same as the corresponding fore-hand

BACK-HAND LAWFORD.

strokes, but are played with the arm and racket across in front of the body.

The "back-hand Lawford" is the most difficult of the six strokes named, and very few players in the world have ever mastered it. It was very seldom if ever played even by Lawford himself. The twist which the ball receives by the "back-hand half-Lawford" is just the reverse of the fore-hand stroke, and the ball curves and bounces off to the right instead of to the left. There are a number of variations of the half and true Lawford, both fore-hand and back-hand, which might be termed one-quarter, three-quarter, Lawfords, etc., the only difference being the proportion of side and over twist which is given the ball, and the natural results from the same.

The "straight lift" stroke has the same over-twist as the Lawford, but has not nearly the same speed, and consequently less of the drop and "shoot." In playing this stroke the wrist must be kept well in front of the racket, and the arm and racket be drawn quickly upward as the blow is delivered. This is done by straightening the body suddenly while executing the stroke, and gives the ball the over-twist desired. The ball rolls straight off the end of the racket.

The last of the six strokes named is the "Lansdown." Where this play derives its name is a mystery, for it is said by those in a position to know that no stroke is known in England by that name, and the title is certainly of English derivation. But be that as it may, the stroke remains, and, for want of a better title, it can do no harm to call it the "Lansdown." This play might be called a "fore-hand back-hand half-Lawford," were that title not too conflicting

BACK-HAND HALF-LAWFORD.

in its terms. Its effect is much the same as the "back-hand half-Lawford," and yet the stroke is played on the player's fore-hand side. There is a slight difference between the twist used in these strokes, that of the Lansdown having less of the "follow," or over-twist, and more of an under-twist, corresponding to a "draw" shot in billiards with right "English."

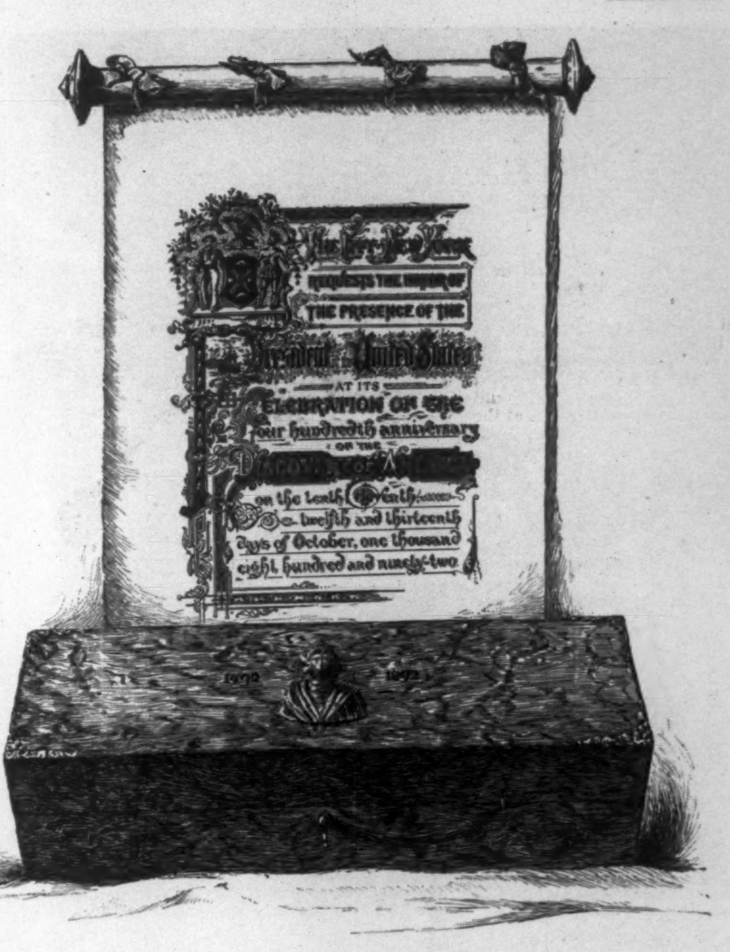
The "straight lift" stroke, combined with the fore-hand and back-hand half-Lawford (or Lansdown) strokes, gives a player a perfect command of the adversary's courts, and if played with a supple wrist, affords great opportunities for accurate and effective placing. It is one of the cardinal rules of "good form" in tennis to keep your opponent in doubt as long as possible as to your intention and the direction you hope to drive the ball, in order to prevent his anticipating your play. Thus the racket may be swung forward as though to play a "straight lift" stroke down the centre of the court or straight along one of the lines, and if an opening be found in some other part of the court, a slight twist of the wrist and drawing of the racket to one side or the other will produce the "fore-hand half-Lawford" or the Lansdown stroke, and turn the direction of the ball to another part of the court.

STRAIGHT LIFT.

These points do not perhaps seem to be of great value to one who is not thoroughly versed in the science of the game, yet those who have seen fine play, and understand the possibilities in the theoretical side of the game, will realize their value. The tendency of many players, especially on earth courts, is to prolong the "rests," or points, by the adoption of what is known as the "safe" game, and thus the ball may cross the net twenty times or more before one player or the other will make an error and lose the point. Many players cannot stand the strain of a long match in which these tactics are used, and must resort to winning points by strategy or brilliant play, to prevent being beaten through

LANSDOWN.

sheer exhaustion. These small points, therefore, all tell strongly in favor of a player, and assist him in tiring his opponent, as well as affording opportunities for him to shorten the "rests" by brilliant placing.




THE INVITATION TO THE PRESIDENT FROM THE COMMITTEE ON THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATION.

## A QUICKSILVER CASSANDRA.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

It was altogether queer, and Jingleberry to this day does not entirely understand it. He had examined his heart as carefully as he knew how, and had arrived at the entirely reasonable conclusion that he was in love. He had every symptom of that malady. When Miss Marian Chapman was within range of his vision there was room for no one else there. He suffered from that peculiar optical condition which enabled him to see but one thing at a time when she was present, and she was that one thing, which was probably the reason why in his mind's eye she was the only woman in the world, for Marian was ever present before Jingleberry's mental optic. He had also examined as thoroughly as he could in hypothesis the heart of this "only woman," and he had—or thought he had, which amounts to the same thing—reason to believe that she reciprocated his affection. She certainly seemed glad always when he was about; she called him by his first name, and sometimes quarrelled with him as she quarrelled with no one else, and if that wasn't a sign of love in woman, then Jingleberry had studied the sex all his years—and they were thirty-two—for nothing. In short, Marian behaved so like a sister to him that Jingleberry, knowing how dreams and women go by contraries, was absolutely sure that a sister was just the reverse from that relationship which in her heart of hearts she was willing to assume toward him, and he was happy in consequence. Believing this, it was not at all strange that he should make up his mind to propose marriage to her, though, like many other men, he was somewhat chicken-hearted in coming to the point. Four times had he called upon Marian for the sole purpose of asking her to become his wife, and four times had he led up to the point and then talked about something else. What quality it is in man that makes a coward of him in the presence of one he considers his dearest friend is not within the province of this narrative to determine, but Jingleberry had it in its most virulent form. He had often got so far along in his proposal as, "Marian—er—will you—will you—," and there he had as often stopped, contenting himself with such common-place conclusions as "go to the matinée with me to-morrow?" or "ask your father for me if he thinks the stock market is likely to strengthen soon?" and other amazing substitutes for the words he so ardently desired yet feared to utter. But this afternoon—the one upon which the extraordinary events about to be narrated took place—Jingleberry had called resolved not to be balked in his determination to learn his fate. He had come to propose, and propose he would, *ruat cœlum*. His confidence in a successful termination to his suit had been re-enforced that very morning by the receipt of a note from Miss Chapman asking him to dine with her parents and herself that evening, and to accompany them after dinner to the opera. Surely that meant a great deal, and Jingleberry conceived that the time was ripe for a blushing "yes" to his long-deferred question. So he was here in the Chapman parlor waiting for the young lady to come down and become the recipient of the "interesting interrogatory," as it is called in some sections of Massachusetts.

"I'll ask her the first thing," said Jingleberry, buttoning up his Prince Albert, as though to impart a possibly needed stiffening to his backbone. "She will say yes, and then I shall enjoy the dinner and the opera so much the more. Ahem! I wonder if I am pale—I feel sort of—um— There's a mirror. That will tell." Jingleberry walked to the mirror—an oval, gilt-framed mirror, such as was very much the vogue fifty years ago, for which reason alone, no doubt, it was now admitted to the gold and white parlor of the house of Chapman.

"Blessed things these mirrors," said Jingleberry, gazing at the reflection of his face. "So reassuring. I'm not at all pale. Quite the contrary. I'm red as a sunset. Good omen that! The sun is setting on my bachelor days—and my scarf is crooked. Ah!"

The ejaculation was one of pleasure, for pictured in the mirror Jingleberry saw the form of Marian entering the room through the portières.

"How do you do, Marian; been admiring myself in the glass," he said, turning to greet her. "I—er—"

Here he stopped, as well he might, for he addressed no one. Miss Chapman was nowhere to be seen.

"Dear me!" said Jingleberry, rubbing his eyes in astonishment. "How extraordinary! I thought sure I saw her—why, I did see her—that is, I saw her reflection in the gla— Ha! ha! She caught me gazing at myself there and has hidden."

He walked to the door and pulled the portière aside and looked into the hall. There was no one there. He searched every corner of the hall and of the dining-room at its end, and then returned to the parlor, but it was still empty. And then occurred the most strangely unaccountable event in his life.

As he looked about the parlor, he for the second time found himself before the mirror, but the reflection therein, though it was of himself, was of himself with his back turned to his real self, as he stood gazing amazedly into the glass; and besides this, although Jingleberry was alone in the real parlor, the reflection of the dainty room showed that there he was not so, for seated in her accustomed graceful attitude in the reflected arm-chair was nothing less than the counterfeit presentment of Marian Chapman herself.

It was a wonder Jingleberry's eyes did not fall out of his head, he stared so. What a situation it was, to be sure, to stand there and see in the glass a scene which, as far as he could observe, had no basis in reality; and how interesting it was for Jingleberry to watch himself going through the form of chatting pleasantly there in the mirror's depths with the woman he loved! It almost made him jealous, though, the reflected Jingleberry was so entirely independent of the real Jingleberry. The jealousy soon gave way to consternation, for, to the wondering suitor, the independent reflection was beginning to do that for which he himself had come. In other words, there was a proposal going on there in the glass, and Jingleberry enjoyed the novel sensation of seeing how he himself would look when passing through a similar ordeal. Altogether, however, it was not as pleasing as most novelties are, for there were distinct signs in the face of the mirrored Marian that the mirrored Jingleberry's words were distasteful to her, and that the proposition he was making was not one she could entertain under any circumstances. She kept shaking her head, and the more she shook it, the more the glazed Jingleberry seemed to implore her to be his. Finally, Jingleberry saw his quicksilver counterpart fall upon his knees before Marian of the glass and hold out his arms and hands toward her in an attitude of prayerful despair, whereupon the girl sprang to her feet, stamped her left foot furiously upon the floor, and pointed the unwelcome lover to the door.

Jingleberry was fairly staggered. What could be the meaning of so extraordinary a freak of nature? Surely it must be prophetic. Fate was kind enough to warn him in advance, no doubt; otherwise it was a trick. And why should she stoop to play so paltry a trick as that upon him? Surely fate would not be so petty. No. It was a warning. The mirror had been so affected by some supernatural agency that it divined and reflected that which was to be instead of contenting itself to what Jingleberry called "simultaneity." It led instead of following or acting coincidently with the reality, and it was the part of wisdom, he thought, for him to yield to its suggestion and retreat; and as he thought this, he heard a soft sweet voice behind him.

"I hope you haven't got tired of waiting, Tom," it said; and, turning, Jingleberry saw the unquestionably real Marian standing in the doorway.

"No," he answered, shortly. "I—I have had a pleasant—very entertaining ten minutes; but I—I must hurry along, Marian," he added. "I only came to tell you that I have a frightful headache, and—er—I can't very well manage to come to dinner or go to the opera with you to-night."

"Why, Tom," pouted Marian, "I am awfully disappointed! I had counted on you, and now my whole evening will be spoiled. Don't you think you can rest a little while, and then come?"

"Well, I—I want to, Marian," said Jingleberry; "but, to tell the truth, I—I really am afraid I am going to be ill; I've had such a strange experience this afternoon. I—"

"Tell me what it was," suggested Marian, sympathetically; and Jingleberry did tell her what it was. He told her the whole story from beginning to end—what he had come for, how he had happened to look in the mirror, and what he saw there; and Marian listened attentively to every word he said. She laughed once or twice, and when he had done she reminded him that mirrors had a habit of reversing everything, and somehow or other Jingleberry's headache went, and—and—well, everything went!

## DEFILERS OF THE BEACH.

Surf-bathing is not pleasant in company with a cat that lost the last of its nine lives a fortnight before. It is not nice to collide with ancient fruit, and to be dumped upon the beach by a big roller amid an assortment of street refuse from Avenue A. People who are at all particular would rather forego the delights of surf-bathing than to be obliged to mingle with a floating island of garbage, and people along parts of the Long Island shore have had to forego the pleasure of bathing for that very reason. The scows which carry the scrapings and sweepings of New York streets, the ashes of factories, and garbage of all kinds, are towed down the bay in lots of three or four, and when about two miles out the loads are dropped into the ocean. If it is near night, and the darkness affords a convenient curtain, the tug captains do not take the trouble to go out even to that distance from shore. The beach is strewn with these relics, the curling waves are decorated with the scourings of a dirty city, and bathing is no longer a pleasure. Coney Island has suffered particularly in this respect during the past summer.

## TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF MR. CURTIS.

From all parts of the country have come heartfelt expressions of love and sympathy testifying to the great loss which is felt in the death of Mr. Curtis. Kindly words alone have been spoken, for even those who were at variance with his views recognized the uprightness and sincerity of the man, and admired and respected him. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a letter to Mr. Gilder, writes: "His death eclipses the cheerfulness of a great reading public. He has not left a sweeter nature or a fairer record behind him. The lovable quality of his bright intelligence showed in his features, in his voice, in every line he wrote. No American writer came so near taking the place of Washington Irving in the affections of his countrymen, no one has been more generally missed and lamented than he will be. Peace to his gentle memory! This is a day of mourning to all who love what is purest and best in letters and civilization."

Mr. William Dudley Foulke, in an address before the Reform Club at Boston, strikes the key-note when he says, "His place cannot be filled." He was, to further quote Mr. Foulke, "the man who, by his conduct as much as by his words, stood for purity and honor in public and private life.... He was born for the highest triumphs of literature. All that he said, all that he wrote, was redolent with that native artistic instinct that gave him a place among the foremost where the English tongue is spoken. But all these things he subordinated to the demands of personal integrity and patriotic duty.... He was the Aristides of these latter days, the embodiment of p[illegible]iotic rectitude." In the Boston *Commonwealth* Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells, of his first recollection of Mr. Curtis, "one incident which fits in well as an illustration of a life so admirable." It was when Mr. Curtis was pointed out to him at a symphony concert in Boston in the winter of 1842–3 as one of the student workers at Brook Farm who, in company with another, walked fourteen miles every symphony evening to enjoy the music. "This," says Dr. Hale, "was characteristic of Mr. Curtis, and indicated well enough some features of the fifty years which have followed." "I have said a hundred times," adds Dr. Hale, "and am glad here to put on record my opinion, that at a great moment in our history Mr. Curtis spoke the word which was most needed to save the nation from terrible calamity." It was at the dinner of the Forefathers' Society in New York, when the Hayes-Tilden trouble was at its height in 1876. Mr. Curtis there addressed the members—"three hundred men of mark"—and spoke regarding "the terrible subject." He thoroughly went over the ground, and suggested the idea of an impartial tribune to settle the difficulty. He finished amid cheers; and, adds Dr. Hale, "from that moment to this moment there has been no more talk of civil war." Could men fail to love him after this?

At his home on Staten Island Mr. Curtis was beloved by all who knew him and respected by everybody. Conditions of life made no difference to him, and his neighbors of all ranks recall many evidences of his generosity and kindness. The trustees of the S. R. Smith Infirmary, New Brighton, of which Mr. Curtis was president, bear witness to "the sense of profound loss" that all experience. "His deep interest in local affairs, his readiness to promote local interests, his accessibility by the poor, his liberality of gifts, his profound sympathy for the suffering, were all so constantly manifested that, now that he has gone to his great reward, those who remain look back upon his life as a precious memory, and as a stimulant to imitate a life so noble and so pure." So speak those who felt his presence in their daily life, and who compare him to "his great prototype of another age, Sir Philip Sidney."

The Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association, on September 12th:

"*Resolved*, That we shall forever hold in grateful remembrance the names of George William Curtis, John L. Whiting, and John G. Whittier—all life-long friends of the movement for the rights of women. Each in his own sphere of influence and activity has stood for freedom and justice, and will share in the historic recognition which awaits the men who advocate equality of privileges for all American citizens, irrespective of sex."

The following resolutions tell their own story:

"*Resolved*, That Branch 36 of the National Association of Letter-Carriers, U.S.A., speaking on behalf of the letter-carriers of the country, hereby records this humble but sincere tribute of respect to the memory of the late George William Curtis, who recently passed away, after the Psalmist's allotted span of years, into that perfect rest which crowns a life well spent. And while it would be manifestly superfluous to enumerate here the many intellectual and moral qualities which have made his name a household word with all liberty-loving citizens of the land, it may not be amiss to say that the one pre-eminent trait which especially endeared him to this organization, and will keep his memory green among us, was his fearless, uncompromising, incorruptible advocacy of that primal essential of efficient government, popularly known as civil service reform! For it is most fitting that the National Association of Letter-Carriers, which has made that doctrine one of its cardinal tenets of faith, should bid a tender and reluctant adieu to George William Curtis, who was, in very truth, the Nestor of civil service reform.

"*Resolved further*, That a duly attested copy of these resolutions be forthwith transmitted, with appropriate expressions of condolence, to his bereaved family.

"William Cokeley, President.

"Attest: C. J. Dando,
"Recording Secretary, Branch 36, N.A.L.C."

At McCauley's Theatre, on Sunday, September 11th, memorial services were held, paying tribute to two "typical Americans," Mr. Curtis and Mr. Whittier. These are but a few of the tributes that have been paid to the memory of Mr. Curtis. They have come from individuals, the press, and pulpit, all bearing witness to the sense of the bereavement which all feel, and holding with Philip Hale in the Boston *Journal*, "Seldom is there such unity of inmost thought and action as there was in the daily life of Mr. Curtis."

STUDENTS.

L'ENSEIGNE DE GUERSAINT.—From the Picture by Watteau in the Alte Schloss.

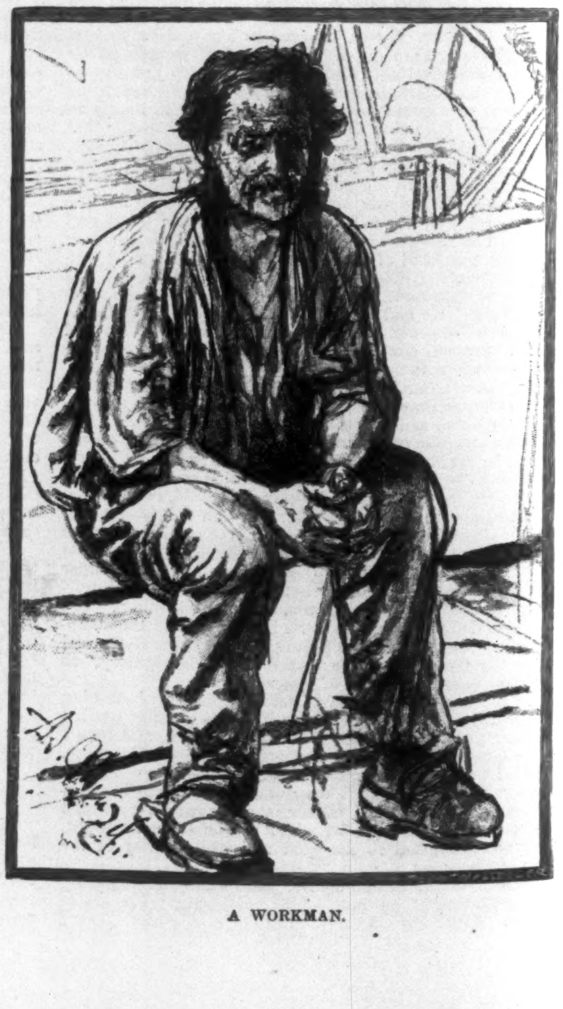
## BERLIN.

(*Continued from page 921.*)

built the Old Museum, and his pupil Stüler, under whom the New Museum was erected, have been censured for misrepresenting that antiquity which both claimed as their inspiration. This is perhaps a little unfair, as Schinkel and Stüler only did as was the fashion of their time. At the present day, although we cannot claim to have absolutely mastered the science of building, we do know a little more about it, and are at least aware of the elementary fact that the material employed should be, so to speak, *en rapport* with the style adopted, that that which should be done in marble cannot be done in stone, and that it is folly to use certain materials for purposes to which they are utterly unsuited. We must submit to the conditions of matter; and, alas! is not this the case in everything concerning our poor humanity? I know that it seems hard in a town with the imperial pretensions of Berlin to show the bare bricks. But it is the characteristic of genius to be able to turn to account the materials at hand, and to draw from the well of its own inspiration, as Perrault, Mansard, Gabriel, and others have done in Paris, and Merling and Schlüter in Berlin. The Arsenal and the Old Palace are an honor to the city owning them, because they are dignified, simple, and suitable to their purpose; whilst the University, the Library, the Emperor's Palace, and the bridge over the Spree might be removed without any sense of loss of beauty. On the other hand, the monument to Frederick the Great is really of ideal character, the equestrian statue rising from its pedestal in grand simplicity, its fine lines standing out distinctly and impressively.

The traveller in foreign countries ought to be very careful what he admires, and seriously take himself to task as to why he admires what he sees at a distance from home. Foreigners often say to Frenchmen: "Don't you admire this? It is made in imitation of the same thing in Paris." Now nothing is really more to be deprecated than the senseless imitation of a thing the only value of which is its originality. Frederick II. once took it into his head to have a French secretary, and a young man named Thibault was sent to him. After a few preliminary questions, the king said to him, "So, sir, you do not know German?" "No, sire," was the reply, "but I will soon learn it." "I beg you will never learn it," said Frederick. "If you once try to speak it, you will soon get into the way of using the same Germanisms as we do. It will not be enough for you never to speak German; you will run similar risks if you ever hear us speak French; and if you adopt our manners, you will no longer be fit for the duty for which I have sent for you. I am set on your retaining the pure taste and the delicate tact of the beauties, refinements

L'ENSEIGNE DE GUERSAINT.—From the Picture by Watteau in the Alte Schloss.



A WORKMAN.

character, and genius of your language; and I ask you as a gallant gentleman to give me your word of honor that you will not learn German, and that you will not speak French as we do." Unfortunately, Frederick II. did not always act upon the excellent theories he laid down for Thibault. He was altogether imbued with admiration for Versailles, and tormented by a desire to do things in French style. It must, however, be admitted that though he availed himself at Potsdam and at Sans Souci of the help of the Legers, the Adams, with many less well-known French artists, he managed to give to the buildings he had erected the stamp of his own individuality. He was less fortunate at Berlin, where, with the help of Baumann and Knolelsdorf, he built the

EMPEROR FREDERICK III.

Opera-house, the University, the Academy, the libraries, St. Hedwig's Church, and the two-domed towers of the Gensdarmenmarkt, with the numerous minor buildings in which he lodged members of the civil service, etc.

It was the ancestress of Frederick II., the Queen Sophia Charlotte, of the house of Hanover, the protectress of Leibnitz, whose French taste decided the style of the gardens of Charlottenburg, which she committed to the care of Le Nôtre, whose plans, however, preserved amongst the archives of the Palace of Charlottenburg, were not fully carried out. The French landscape-gardener took the River Spree as the centre of his plan, laid out green lawns framed in trees on the right and on the

THE SPREE AT BERLIN.

THE BRANDENBURG GATE.

REVIEW AT TEMPELHOF.

A COOK.

left, in a series of esplanades, which were to extend as far as the mill overlooking Spandau.

With regard to French influence at Berlin, it has often been said that it dated from the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but this is an error; it prevailed long before that. As early as 1637, Calvinists, under fear of persecution, had fled from the western districts of France to take refuge in Brandenburg. These refugees, it is true, were but few in number, but there is no doubt that from their arrival in Berlin, which then numbered scarcely 20,000 inhabitants, all of them more or less attached to the court of the Great Elector, either in a civil or a military capacity, they took an important place alike in industry, commerce, and art. Frederick II. does not hesitate to admit this in his *Annals of Brandenburg*. When, in 1685, persecution became general, and the Great Elector promulgated the celebrated Edict of Potsdam, which threw open his dominions to all Protestant fugitives, and when special emissaries were sent to Frankfort, Amsterdam, and Hamburg to offer lands to the refugees, the colony acquired considerable importance. "The Huguenots," says Frederick II., "then contributed to the repeopling of our depopulated town; they created the manufactories we needed. Our commerce had previously consisted of the sale of our corn, wine, and wool, and the few manufactories we had were unimportant, being nearly all ruined by English competition. When Frederick William I. ascended the throne, not a hat, not a stocking, was worn which was not made by the French. They made all kinds of cloths, they knitted caps, they worked felt, and made all kinds of dyes. Some were merchants, and sold the products of the workshops of others. At Berlin were goldsmiths, jewellers, clock-makers, sculptors; in the country, cultivators of tobacco and vegetables. Thus it was that the March of Brandenburg was in the most flourishing condition it had ever known at the end of the reign of Frederick William I. As for the children of the nobles, they were at their studies, and the superintendence of those studies was nearly everywhere in the hands of Frenchmen, to whom we owe more cordiality in social relations and more civilized manners."

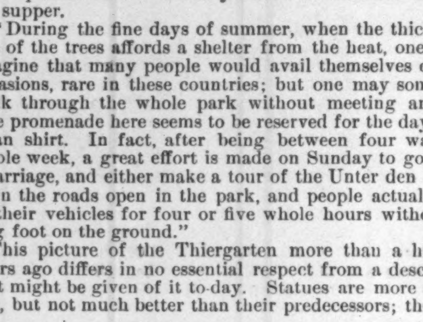
The French refugees lived in the northwest of the town, in the suburb of Moabit, now very nearly the heart of Berlin. It was they who introduced to Brandenburg what we may call kitchen-gardens, and their modes of culture were the astonishment of the Berliners. But nothing now remains of this French colony. The refugees of 1637 and 1638 became so thoroughly Germanized that, as has been very justly observed, their descendants think in German even when they speak French; and this is but natural, for individuals, not to speak of their children, are necessarily influenced by their environment, so that Frederick II. was but deluding himself when he thought that a secretary could live at Berlin without being influenced by the Germanism all around him.

At the present time Berlin has 1,600,000 inhabitants. During the last twenty years there has been a steady influx of population to the capital from all quarters of Germany, and that capital is growing with astonishing rapidity, and assimilation is so complete that all the provincials quickly acquire a certain look common to all the people of Berlin, in spite of there being nothing particularly distinctive about the houses of that city. In fact, Berlin really has a character all its own. When some German from Bavaria, or from the Saar, arrives at Berlin, he brings with him his sense of humor; but he very soon loses it, for the true Berlinese do not understand jokes, and cannot stand raillery. The Berlinese are great professors of appreciation for everything, but they do not really care for anything much. On Sunday, when the father takes his family to the Thiergarten, he is making a kind of profession of his love of walking, and students on their velocipedes making their way to the racecourse are professors of another sort. If you cross the Schlossbrücke and watch the passers-by, you will see the military element of Berlin—Victory teaching children the history of heroes, Pallas teaching young men the use of weapons—but whether it is Pallas or Iris who is addressing young aspirants, the teacher has ever an eye to the military auditors. You turn to the left to go to the royal museums and National Gallery, where are housed the marvellous collections of art treasures, including the friezes from the altar of Jupiter at Pergamos and the valuable series of drawings, and you meet again the Berlin professors, this time young, ardent, eager, proud of belonging to the capital, and anxious that all the world should know how proud they are! In this respect Munich contrasts very favorably with Berlin, and impresses you as the home of treasures of simplicity, grace, and good-humor. What masterpieces, however, are contained in the royal museums of Berlin! What glorious relics of antiquity, what gems of mediæval renaissance and modern art! And to do them justice, what patience the Berliners have with the visitors to their collections, a patience unknown to the French! This contrast between the French and German character is admirably summed up in two royal speeches. Frederick II. said, "The king should be the first servant of his people." Louis XIV. said, "L'État, c'est moi" (I am the state). The result of this peculiarity is that every Frenchman to whom is delegated the smallest iota of authority thinks himself invested with all the power so tersely defined by Louis XIV. Put into the hand of a child a little switch with which to warn passers-by from going too near a house under repair, and that child will keep watch over the imprudent with a sense that he is keeping back the whole force of the public. What makes the French so rebellious against customs implying the exercise of liberty is that they cannot bring themselves to practise toleration. Frenchmen submit with extraordinary resignation to authority, and when authority falls into their own hands they exercise it in exactly the same way as they found so irksome themselves when they were under it. In Berlin, on the contrary, the deference shown by officials to those they are controlling softens the sense of being controlled; and though this deference may be only apparent, appearances count for much in human affairs.

"There are but few walks in Berlin," said De Gaussin, "but the one good one there is makes up for the absence of others. This one walk is in a park at the gate of the town—known as the Thiergarten. The central avenue leads to Charlottenburg, and on either side of it are smaller avenues, some straight, some winding, .... open spaces surrounded by statues, all—if the truth be told—bad, but clean; lawns cut up into compartments, a few badly kept sheets of water, such is the arrangement of a place which might be charming if it only received the care it deserves. One would, perhaps, suppose that these fine and beautiful walks would be well kept, but it would be a mistake. It is true that everybody is busy. The military are under arms in fine weather in the morning, and in the afternoon they love to forget their fatigues in a smoking-room, where beer-drinking and smoking often detain them far into the night. Civilians are no less occupied in the morning, and the evenings are spent in a manner differing but little. Women here, as in every other country of the world, get up very late, never appearing in *déshabillé*, and the fatigue and length of their toilet never permit them to be ready before the time of assembling for supper.

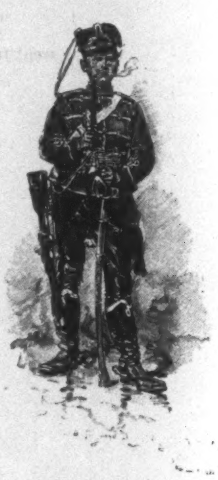
"During the fine days of summer, when the thick verdure of the trees affords a shelter from the heat, one would imagine that many people would avail themselves of such occasions, rare in these countries; but one may sometimes walk through the whole park without meeting any one. The promenade here seems to be reserved for the day of the clean shirt. In fact, after being between four walls the whole week, a great effort is made on Sunday to go out in a carriage, and either make a tour of the Unter den Linden or in the roads open in the park, and people actually stop in their vehicles for four or five whole hours without setting foot on the ground."

This picture of the Thiergarten more than a hundred years ago differs in no essential respect from a description that might be given of it to-day. Statues are more numerous, but not much better than their predecessors; the wood



AN HABITUÉ OF THE GREENROOM.

and the sheets of water are not much better kept. Walkers are, however, less rare, and riders are numerous in the morning; but the habit of shutting themselves up in carriages before the evening meal is still retained by the Berliners, who exchange bows of varying solemnity according to the social, or, I should rather say, military, position of the occupants of the vehicles, the civilian element being of very small account in Berlin, and the President of the Prussian Chamber of Representatives is not invited to court as President, but only as an officer of the reserves or land forces. One day I heard a painter spoken of as a good colorist—apropos of this, I had the good fortune of meeting, in 1882, in one of my first walks in the Unter den Linden, an artist who is a great honor to Germany. Near the Wilhelmsstrasse there was at this time a picture-dealer—who, by-the-way, soon became bankrupt. I went in at this dealer's office, and he pointed out to me, in the obscurity of the back of his shop, a little man with a lofty forehead and very bright eyes; this man was Adolf Menzel. Two days later I was in his studio. His reception of me was cold, and the conversation at first forced; he evidently felt no confidence in me; but I left him in the evening, after a free and animated discussion of all questions connected with art, full of admiration for the genius of the man. In the course of this interview I had seen every phase of Berlin society represented to the life, in various sketch-books. Menzel can paint, but it is his draughtsmanship which is his forte, and his drawings, most of them in *gouache*, are never unfaithful to nature. One of his latest pictures is the "Market of Verona." "Have you lived in Italy?" I inquired. "No; I went as far as Verona," was the answer, "but I hastened to return, for I felt myself attacked by Italianism." This reply, more than anything Menzel showed me, made me feel that I was in the presence—to use a much-abused expression of our day—of "some one."



A ZIETHERN HUSSAR.

As a rule, we meet nobody with anything original about him. The true sign of individuality is the distrust of anything ready made. On this point, alas! our boasted civilization has prepared some rude shocks for us. We get ready-made clothes, ready-made art, science, and politics, and the monotony oppresses us. For my part, when I meet any one who is natural, who does not behave and talk exactly like everybody else, I feel a sense of intense respect for this poetic rarity. To have to listen to the so-called rules of art, the set homilies of scientific pedantry, the honeyed words of stereotyped politicians, is the martyrdom of the present day. I really therefore felt indescribable joy when I heard Menzel express a pious horror of the Italian microbe, and my visit to his studio remains one of my pleasantest memories of Berlin.

It must, however, be admitted that great efforts are being made in Berlin to promote a feeling for true art—a difficult task, as the Berliners are weighted with the traditions of the German Renaissance and Rococo styles, as are the French with the senile copying of the styles of the past. Moreover, the Germans are somewhat wanting in sense of proportion, and their illustrated journals have, side by side with remarkable drawings, designs of extreme heaviness, and their painting and sculpture are of very unequal merit. Yet Prussia has had the advantage of the presence of a woman—the Empress Frederick—who has exercised a great and good influence upon art, though she has never been admitted into the hearts of the people, and is not popular. The daughter of Prince Albert, who was the true inaugurator of the Renaissance of English art in 1851, the Empress Frederick, when Princess Imperial, set to work to reform Prussian taste, and to spread wide the doctrine that every nation in which art is successfully cultivated increases alike in material prosperity and in influence on the outside world. The Kunstgewerbe Museum of Berlin is the creation of the Empress Frederick, as the South Kensington Museum was that of her father. In 1882 the Princess Imperial was living in the palace of the heir-apparent, a modest-looking but unique home on the Unter den Linden, in which she had gradually got together a number of art objects, which she arranged according to a very happy method. Neither large nor intrinsically very valuable, her collection was remarkable for the taste shown in its selection, evidencing a finished education on her part, as well as a knowledge of how to educate others. This was the nucleus of the Kunstgewerbe Museum, which was inaugurated in December, 1882. On the occasion of the inauguration I sent to Berlin one of the officials of the Louvre, who returned to Paris very much impressed with the nascent wealth of the Kunstgewerbe, and much touched by the words spoken by the Prince Imperial at the official opening of the new museum. His Highness had announced his firm resolve to urge Germany to aim at superiority, such as other countries had won, in the arts, in industry, and in commerce. When the Baron de Courcel and I were visiting the collection of the Princess Imperial, and she was doing the honors with simple and touching grace, the Prince Imperial came in. His first words showed that he wished rather to lessen the force of the official speech he had made a few months before; he spoke with affected modesty of Prussia being poor in art riches, and he dwelt upon the necessity, on that account, of learning about them. He dwelt on the fact that France had long shown herself without a rival in the arts; that she had still retained the first place in the universal exhibitions, although great efforts had been made in England; that all the nations, following the example of England, were providing themselves with institutions for developing or awakening art instincts, and that he had set himself the task of seconding Germany in her efforts in this direction. The enterprise was not without its difficulties. What prejudices had to be overcome! how much the spread of culture was needed! He remembered how easily he was himself deceived in his first acquisitions, and he recognized that if he had gained some experience as a collector, he owed that experience to the Princess Imperial. The Princess spoke with enthusiasm of the French artists invited to Berlin by Frederick II., and who there accumulated so many masterpieces—an admirable epoch, when the greatest artists did not scorn to stamp with their genius the commonest objects of daily use. Her Imperial Highness also expressed her great admiration for several contemporary French artists, on whose work she set great store, being herself a painter.

I saw the Prince and Princess Imperial again at Potsdam in August, 1886, when they did me the honor of inviting me to supper. We talked a good deal about art on this occasion also. We also spoke a little about politics. The Prince had

just returned from Heidelberg, where he had presided at the University *fêtes*. He had been much impressed by the language of the delegates from the University of France, who had been specially remarked, on account of the reserve and dignity which their position had compelled them to maintain. During his short reign as a voiceless Emperor, Frederick III. only spoke through his proclamations; he did not act. The Chancellor, however, taking advantage of the situation, took care to make the acts of the sovereign contradict his words. The Emperor Frederick III. has been very diversely judged in France, but the general feeling was that he was a soldier who had made war with some unwillingness, and a politician who dreamt of seeing his country under the parliamentary system of England; but this may all be a mistake. There is no doubt that Prince Frederick Charles was the soldier *par excellence* of Prussia, but it is no less certain that Frederick III. had no repugnance to war. As for his opinions on the government of his country, it is very doubtful whether he went so far as to wish to introduce English institutions in their entirety into Germany; his acumen was far too great for him to indulge in any such delusions. Prince Frederick was an energetic partisan for the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, although, I believe, he recognized that that annexation was morally wrong . . . . but it is useless to dwell on that now. I pass on to my journey through Europe in 1886 to negotiate matters for the Universal Exhibition of 1889, when I found all those interested in the matter eager enough, whilst the officials in authority were anything but willing to aid me. An official request would evidently be met with an official refusal, and of this I had felt convinced before I started. An idea occurred to me, however, which I think was really marvellous, though its intrinsic value was *nil*, and that was to look upon the exhibition as a benefit to individuals. Under other circumstances this fiction would readily have been admitted, but in 1889 it would have deceived nobody. All attempt, therefore, to introduce the subject being abandoned, conversation, when it did crop up, became especially interesting. At Potsdam, of course, I did nothing to lead it to crop up; but, for all that, my visit was not wanting in interest, because it was always curious to see the opponents of the revolution doing it indirect homage, and going so far as to express regret not to be able to serve it, or at least not to be able to make it serve them. For at bottom the taste a prince may have for parliamentary government only goes as far as to the point at which parliamentary government makes his task easier. The old Emperor William had no predilection for those who went too far in that direction. It is said that having commissioned Von Piloty to paint a huge canvas representing his coronation, he went a few months afterwards to the artist's studio. Piloty had represented the Prince Imperial standing in the foreground, with one foot on the steps of the throne. William, making a sign with his walking-stick to his son to go out of hearing, said to Von Piloty: "Alter that; it is too soon." When I came back from Potsdam I said to myself, "it is too late"; but, after all, who can tell?

It was at Copenhagen in 1888 that I heard the news of the death of Frederick III. I had gone to the Danish capital with the French artists who organized the Jacobsen Exhibition. We were in the French department when the death of the Emperor was announced. I will copy the notes I took in my journey from Copenhagen to Berlin, and in Berlin itself at this interesting time.

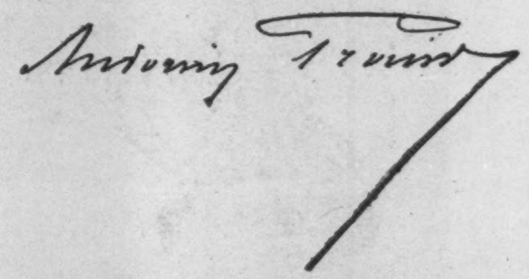
*Monday, June* 18, 1888.—We left Copenhagen to-day. This evening we shall be at Berlin. The train took us rapidly in three hours to Stege, after stopping at Röskilde, at Kjöge, the town of tapestries, and at Vordingborg; a bargelike steamer, such as all those on the great and little Belts, took us in a few minutes to Masnedsund. Thence we went to Nykjoling, where we embarked for Warnemunde, on the coast of Pomerania, the crossing taking an hour and a half. We made the passage in a dense fog, the siren (whistle) of the steamer crying out without intermission. Another siren quickly replied to ours, but one with a stronger, more masculine voice, from a vessel of war, a German ironclad, which passed us on the right, gliding through the fog like some phantom ship, its size magnified by the effect of the mirage. A cry of surprise and admiration went up from the deck, so fairylike was the sight. We steamed slowly, for fear of collisions. Suddenly the little town of Warnemunde emerged in front of us, the fog was torn asunder by the warning volley fired by its cannons, and the dull gleam of its unique light-house looked down upon us. The steamer entered the channel lined with bathing villas. Warnemunde is a whaling station, and the fishing-vessels, driven in from the offing by the fog, are huddled together, forming a great black mass. A red-keeled vessel hove in sight in a cloud of smoke; it was the steamer for Nyksborg. Soon we heard the gay tones of a waltz, played on violins, with occasional sharp tones from a flute or soft accompaniment from a clarinet. We were at the casino. We landed, and after a few minutes' rest we were in the train which was to take us from Warnemunde to Berlin. We passed Rostock, the birthplace of Blücher; Gustron, a manufacturing town; Neu-Brandenburg and Neu-Wülitz, both with old castles; and Oranienburg, on the Havel. Everywhere we saw quantities of game, herds of deer starting up and bounding away as the train passed, and terrified hares dashed madly along the furrows of the fields. We reach Berlin. The station is hung with black; the officials rush forward with the steps and carpet sacred to the feet of distinguished travellers. A prince gets out; it is one of the Savoy royalties. We are detained some time at the station, as our baggage tickets are mislaid. At last we are in a carriage, but the town is so full that our progress is slow. Every one is dressed in mourning, the shops are draped in black, and equipages are buried beneath crape draperies—even the butchers' shops weep well-paid tears. It is difficult to get any supper. We take a turn on the Unter den Linden, where crowds are collecting at every corner to hear read the Proclamation of William III. to the people of Prussia. The obsequies had taken place in the morning at Potsdam. Madame de R——, whom we met on the threshold of the hotel, asks us to tea, and gives us an account of the last few days. It is true that the Emperor Frederick III. placed the hand of Prince Bismarck in that of the Empress. From the accession of Frederick III. all official discipline had been relaxed, for no one thought his reign would last long. He had known how to win real and deep sympathy, and his noble, stately figure had been to the people an embodiment of triumphant Germany. He was loved by men of letters; he had a true appreciation for noble and beautiful productions of every kind. Amongst those who do not know him well, William II. is supposed to be eager for war. There are in Europe two houses which have ever been distinguished for their combined audacity and prudence. These are the houses of Hohenzollern and of Savoy. William II. is a true Hohenzollern. Madame de R—— gave us her views on the political situation. Women have strange ideas about politics; a master appears to them indispensable. In the eyes of the female sex all nations are made to be led, and happy in being led. Madame de R—— is English, and the bad news had brought her from London; she was going the next day to the Empress Frederick at Potsdam. We took leave of her, and I retired to my room pondering over the dramatic circumstances which had attended the sad close of what might have been a great career.

*Tuesday, June* 19, 1888.—This morning we went to Potsdam. At the station the footstools and carpets of ceremonial usage were in full use, and the number of yards of cloth prescribed by etiquette were being unrolled for the benefit of Princes and Envoys Extraordinary. At Potsdam a very obliging little coachman offered to be our cicerone, and took us to the Hager restaurant at Glienicke. This little coachman would make a first-rate introducer of ambassadors, for the protocol had no secrets from him. I was astonished when I saw him take a high place at the table amongst people of some importance—the couriers, outriders, coachmen, and footmen of great personages. He told me he was an officer of the Landwehr, and that he did but take the rank belonging to him. Montaigne said of the Germans that their aim was not to taste, but to swallow, and on this occasion the Hager restaurant was a very fair illustration of this criticism.

After breakfast we went for a walk in the Sans Souci park. The weather was beautiful, the birds were singing merrily, and at every turn we met a guide who faithfully repeated his lesson: "Look, gentlemen, there is the Triumphal Arch of Brandenburg, built in 1770. It is now draped with black. Would the gentleman like to see the cloister?" At the cost of a few kreutzers this tiresome guide can, however, be got rid of. We lingered a long time about the Great Fountain, admiring Pigalle's Venus, and looking with curiosity at the numerous groups by the Adams. The Palace of Sans Souci is at the top of a grand flight of steps sixty-six feet high, with a terrace breaking the ascent here and there. It is in the pretty style of so much eighteenth-century architecture, and is provided with the large bay-windows which testify to the love of nature of our ancestors. Frederick II. was fond of this residence. There was nothing very luxurious in its internal arrangement, but everything was bright. His successors have done their best to spoil it and produce *ennui*, but they have not altogether succeeded. As in some pictures, the background is repelling, and it is not difficult to recall the past. In the gallery running along the lower terrace there are a number of works by Watteau, Lancret, and Pater which are truly remarkable. But what a state they are in! These luckless canvases are most of them cracked and yellow, covered with coats of varnish which the heat of the sun has broken up in a most unfortunate manner. Our main object in going to Potsdam was to see the official mourning procession file past the palace; but here, as elsewhere, in spite of the claims of the present, we were dominated, as one is everywhere in Prussia, by the spirit of Frederick II. Truly he was an extraordinary man, for he had to struggle against the influence of three women. He was, in fact, a philosopher first and then a king, rather than a philosophic monarch. At different times he was first one, then another; a king in his maintenance of his personal rights and in his arbitrary control of military and administrative matters, a philosopher when once in his library. When Sieyès was sent to Berlin as ambassador, he prided himself on his acumen in lauding Frederick II. as a man of letters enamored of one style, a sceptic railing against religious prejudice, a reformer developing a system of popular education; but Sieyès met with no response. In his simplicity he failed to perceive that Frederick II. owed his popularity in Prussia to the fact that his ambition was exclusively Prussian, and that his sole aim in coveting Silesia, a third of Poland, and half of Bohemia was to pursue the aim of the Hohenzollerns. Though there are in Prussia many noble institutions on which Frederick II. set the stamp of his individuality, Prussia herself does not take much pride in them; it is, above all, as a conqueror that she admires her great king. When, in 1775, on the occasion of the consecration of Louis XVI., Frederick II. laughed at "the bizarre ceremonies of the consecration of St. Ampulius, the history of which is worthy of the Laplanders"; when he exercised his wit on the healing of the king's-evil, and on the French bigotry which condemned young men to death who had failed to make due reverence before the image of a poor Jewish carpenter; when he said, "the more one examines the absurd follies on which all religions are founded, the more one pities those who are enamored of these trifles"—he was posing as a sceptic, and as such he was not much approved of by his fellow-countrymen. So that when Sieyès alluded to this kind of thing in conversation at Berlin, his remarks were so badly received that he did not hesitate in his letters to friends in Paris to speak of the Berlinese in anything but flattering terms.

We dined at the Hiller restaurant in the evening. At the table next to ours were Prince Hohenlohe, Governor of Alsace, formerly ambassador at Paris, and General Avenleben, commander of the Schleswig corps d'armée, and accredited as Envoy Extraordinary to France on the occasion of the beginning of the new reign. We exchanged a few remarks, necessarily of no particular meaning, on the events of the day. Before dinner I had been for a drive with the French ambassador, M. Herbette, to the Thiergarten. All that could be said of the new Emperor was that we were with regard to him in the presence of the unknown. I myself have only once seen William II., and that was in 1882, at Potsdam, where he was then in command. I wanted to obtain from him permission to visit the chapel connected with the military church at Potsdam, where is placed the coffin of Frederick II. I was most anxious to see with my own eyes the last resting-place of that great man. I had been told that whilst waiting for the mausoleum to Frederick II., promised by one Prussian monarch after another, that the remains of the monarch were altogether overlooked amongst the various accessories of worship. This is an exaggeration; the coffin is in a small place, it is true, but not an unsuitable one, bearing in mind that it is only provisional. The tradition of Benevolence and Gratitude, though seated side by side, requiring an introduction because they are unknown to each other, is appropriate all the world over. Who rendered more services to Prussia than Frederick II.? But where is the Prussian who accords to him the honors which are justly his due?

*Thursday, June* 21, 1888.—I shall leave Berlin this evening. This is my second visit since 1882. Could a race of exceptional genius convert this town into an attractive capital? I doubt it. Berlin is badly situated on a bad soil, and though its extent is imposing, a miracle of art would be required to make it beautiful. There are of course, however, a great many art treasures within its walls, but the general effect leaves you unmoved. How many lovely little towns, with the stamp of death upon their pale features, charm you in a manner this healthy capital fails to do.




NOTE.—"Paris," the first paper of the series entitled "Capitals of the World," was published in No. 1837 of HARPER'S WEEKLY; the second paper, "St. Petersburg," in No. 1841; the third paper, "Constantinople," in No. 1846; the fourth paper, "Rome," in No. 1850; the fifth paper, "Geneva," in No. 1856; the sixth paper, "Athens," in No. 1859; the seventh paper, "Pekin," in No. 1862; the eighth paper, "Cairo," in No. 1864.

## SHOPPING IN THE ROCKIES.

### BY JULIAN RALPH.

I AM going to the Rocky Mountains to do my shopping! If any one in the East heard a lady say that he would certainly take a second look at her. But he would scarcely be more surprised than I was, to be in the thick of the Rockies, with Lieutenant Ahern, U. S. A., for a companion, hearing his modest recountal of adventures in the most magnificent wilderness in our country; and then on the westward slope, among the foot-hills, to step from the cars to a store like Whiteley's Necessary Store in London, or one of our "shopping stores" on the Sixth Avenue, New York. That was one of the surprises of my experiences in the far West. It was in Missoula, Montana, that I found the unexpected great bazar. It is only fair to say that Missoula has had sly hopes that she might become the capital of the new State of Montana—if the rivalry between Butte and Helena and Great Falls necessitates a diplomatic tendency toward the choice of some place apart from those. But Missoula, though beautiful and kept almost evergreen by the soft winds from the Pacific, is rather the capital of the thoroughly un-Eastern strip of Montana on the other side of the Rockies than of the imperial eastern half of the State.

When I left the cars at this place I found it a typical Western town, with one street of shops, with a fine hotel, some businesslike banking-houses, a club, and a great scattering of dwellings, sufficient for a population of about 4000 or 5000 souls, if my memory serves me right. I noticed one block of stores in particular. They were distinctly "cityfied" in appearance. They had great plate-glass fronts, and the windows were shrewdly and attractively used for displaying the goods within. One was a dry-goods store, the next was a boot and shoe store, the next was a grocery, and the last was a hardware and agricultural implement emporium. All were brilliantly illuminated by electric lamps. Recovering from the first surprise at finding such modern shops in such a place, I next noticed that all of them were alike and of a piece, and then I saw that they lacked the usual sign-boards of different merchants over the windows.

They were, in fact, but a few of the many departments of the Missoula Mercantile Company's stores, and before I tell more about that, I will intrude a note with regard to such places in general. The first of these great trading companies' stores that I saw in the West were in Butte, the great mining town of Montana, and the liveliest, "wide-openest" town it has yet been my lot to run across—one in which the barber shops never closed, and sixteen licensed gambling saloons flared open on the main street. Two of these great trading establishments have their headquarters in that city, and a tour of either one reveals an enormous stock and great variety of goods, "cash railways," lines of young men and girls behind the counters, crowds of elbowing and goods-handling shoppers, and more of the atmosphere of Sixth Avenue than one feels in any stores in the generality of Eastern cities that deem themselves quasi-metropolitan.

Those who have done me the honor to follow the reports of my wanderings will recall that I found great general stores of the kind in Winnipeg and Victoria, British Columbia, and that they marked the development of the original trading-posts of the Hudson Bay Company, wherever great towns have grown up around the little original forts of the corporation. These Montana emporiums are not the outgrowth or feature of any fur-trading operations, but they are the result of the same necessity that has developed the fur-trading posts. Here in Montana have come big lumbering companies, mining camps, army posts, Indian reservations, railway divisional headquarters, and one form or another of settlements by or collections of men to be supplied with food, clothing, implements, and whatever. The more enterprising traders have extended their business, until such a bulk of trade has come to them that they can buy in enormous quantities at large discount, and have no competitors except one another.

This Missoula Mercantile Company is capitalized at a million and two hundred thousand dollars. It transacted a business of more than two millions of dollars last year. It has four branch stores in addition to the great central one at Missoula; one being at Corvallis, one at Stevensville, one at Victor, and one at Demersville, at the head of navigation on Flathead Lake, in northwestern Montana, near Kalispel, a divisional point on the route of the Great Northern Railway, the last transcontinental trunk-line that is being pushed to the Pacific Ocean. The Missoula company does a large jobbing business with storekeepers and lumbering and mining camps. It is a country A. T. Stewart concern, wholesaling and retailing all necessaries and luxuries to the people of what may be called Montana-west-of-the-Rockies. This whole territory is in one county of imperial size—about 300 miles wide and 600 miles long, with a population of 20,000 souls. Not satisfied with reigning supreme in that field, the Missoula company does business in the Cœur d'Alene mining region in Idaho.

Mr. A. B. Hammond, the president of the company, was born on the St. John's River in New Brunswick. He went West as a young man, and worked as a wood-chopper for a time. He reached Missoula in 1868 as poor as he was am-

THE HAPPY DUMPING-GROUNDS.—Drawn by Frank H. Schell.—[See Page 923.]

bitious; but to-day, at forty-four years of age, he is a wealthy man, with spare time enough to have become a student and a lover of literature. Indeed, it is said of him that when he had his fortune to make "he used to work all day and read all night." He is more than just to his employés; has made presents of stock to those who have displayed the most enthusiasm and enterprise, and now numbers among the stockholders twenty-one who are employés. Each of the many departments of the big concern is managed by its own headman, who has sole charge of it, buys all the goods sold in it, and reports upon its condition once a year.

The stores or departments are nearly all together in one long two-story block, and as all are thrown together by communicating passageways, the reader will understand that the effect upon a visitor is that of one general shopping store. The various stores or departments are these: a gentleman's furnishing and clothing store; a wine and spirit, tobacco and cigar, department; a dress-making and tailoring department; a dry-goods and carpet store; a boot and shoe store; a grocery store; and an extensive department for the sale of hardware, cutlery, agricultural, mining, and lumbermen's implements, harness, saddlery, wagons, carriages, and blacksmiths' supplies. I noticed that there were displayed large assortments of crockery, upholstery, furniture, and made-up gowns, wraps, and cloaks for the women, so that, speaking widely, and at this distance in space and memory, I do not recollect that these traders left unoccupied any field of barter in Missoula except jewelry, drugs, and fresh meat. And I fancy the business must include a trade in drugs, since they would be demanded in the mining and lumber camps and by the retail dealers at a distance. The purchases of the company are upon such a scale, and it buys so shrewdly, that its profit must be very considerable. It is an indication of how the new Western cities are cutting into New York's trade to know that all that the Missoula Company buys here are carpets, dry-goods, gentlemen's furnishings, clothing, hats and caps, and some cigars. Its imported wines and liquors and its groceries are bought in Chicago, its sugar and canned fruits in California, and its teas in Japan.

One hundred and twenty-five clerks, salesmen, workmen, and department heads comprise the force of attendants and managers of this astonishing country store, and the capital it "swings," to use a Western phrase, finds outside chances for multiplication by investments in the Blackfoot Milling Company, a land company or two, and in a national bank. I have mentioned this concern by name and described it, but it must be remembered that it is but one of many such trading ventures where one would least expect to find them.

## ON THE "CHAMPAGNE" IN QUARANTINE.

It was really not bad at all. The ship was cool and comfortable, the table munificent, and the captain and his officers never for an instant negligent in adding to the well-being and happiness of those on board. We even found delight in the beauty of our surroundings, the winds were so fresh and the skies were so beautiful—New York, with its changing mists, the picturesque value of Fort Wadsworth, and the green loveliness of the near shore! No, nothing could have been more beautiful than these, no one more delightfully placed. We kept assuring and reassuring ourselves of this every time a new hope died. We were not even afraid. We never discussed the cholera. Afterwards, it is true, when we had left the *Champagne* and were in the small boats that carried us away, one or two people confessed there had been days when they had felt queerly about certain things, that they had kept to themselves till certainty and safety were established. Some one, waking suddenly at midnight, had heard a whispered consultation outside, and the dread word mentioned. But all these things, as I said, were only told us afterwards, when we were safely away, and served then only to add a certain dramatic note to recollection and recital.

No, it certainly was not bad at all, this having been detained so long. There was only one thing that afflicted us—and there is always some one thing even out of Quarantine. We did not like the suspense. It came with a greater shock to us, perhaps, than to others who had known, in crossing, the tragedy of sudden sickness and burial at sea. For we had started from Cherbourg, out of the very arms, as it were, of the French government. No other merchant ship had ever sailed from that dock. We were under military rule while there. Even smoking was prohibited. Every precaution had been taken with our disinfected ship, and all the emigrants left behind. On the first day out we even travelled slowly, so as not to risk making some poor stoker ill. And as if to add to the general sense of security, the American consul from Havre was on board.

We knew that very soon, from the number of proclamations published, signed by him, and pasted on the glass at the head of the stairs, as to condition of the boat, etc., etc. We knew it from the speeches that he made at dinner and on deck, and from the benevolent promises of protection he gave us individually and collectively. No knight-errant full of youthful enthusiasm was ever more hopeful or more kind. And his patience! A hundred interviews at first a day, not as to cholera, but delays. A hundred interviews from which the interviewer retired having caught the contagion of his unshaken faith in those peculiarly fortunate conditions which brought him on board to serve us at this time. During the voyage, indeed, our belief in our peculiarly happy conditions had grown so strong that by Sunday morning we were up on deck, cheerful, smiling, and expectant, soon after daylight. We expected an hour's delay, but no more; therefore we watched with some dismay the Quarantine boat go by us, but took it amiably, on the whole, understanding that other vessels had been in before us. Other tugs came, bringing news, the first that was shouted being neither of cholera nor quarantine, but of a certain prize-fight by Sullivan and Corbett. Such shouts and hurrahs! They were deafening. And such crowding about the happy man who held a paper in his hand! Interest in the cholera followed later, then sympathy for those unhappy people who had had to suffer so keenly, but of whose fortunes we had not heard before.

Hopes rose and fell and died away as the hours dragged on, and the *Quarantine*, having paid us a visit, steamed away. The consul issued another proclamation. We were to be delayed till afternoon. The second *déjeuner* being announced just then, added a touch of certainty to the consular report. But no one could settle himself to occupation; there were always excitements on the other side of the boat, and rushings back and forth to see what the excitement meant. People were restless, not understanding the detention. The tugs that steamed about relieved the tension somewhat, especially for those who greeted friends. The ladies with long lashes and delicate flesh tints we had noticed on the voyage leaned over the railing, all smiles, when the theatrical tug came up. And the women in fine dresses, and the men with glittering shirt studs, were like one great family when the boat bearing the flag of some big trading house steamed up. We had not grouped them before!

The excitement of other people's tugs beginning to pall, and the conviction growing that release that night was impossible, one woman after another disappeared, laid aside her good dress and bonnet, and appeared again in sea-worn vestments. Apathy might have settled on us but that an order was given that all state-room baggage was to be carried below and fumigated—"perfumigated," as some small child expressed it. The excitement and dismay over this was tremendous. The halls became impassable with men, women, and trunks. There was broken English and bad French, gesticulations, outcries. We had already been obliged to swear to the whereabouts of our baggage eight days before we sailed. Half the people when once below in the dingy steerage-room declined to unlock their trunks, calling it nonsense, a mere form, something only done to satisfy officials. The always polite purser was in despair, the Quarantine official angry. He refused to stay for whims. There would be delay, he announced, unless we obeyed. Every trunk was opened.

There was nothing we grew to regard, in fact, with more horror than possible delay. We began to feel that individual health and well-being were a sort of public trust, an obligation to our neighbors. "I don't mind being ill on my own account," some woman would say, declining fruit, "but I should hate to keep you waiting!" Men at table hesitated to use the ship's water in their wine, order soda, and say, "On land I should not hesitate." A young fellow of eighteen rushed up to a child playing by the rails. "Get down there," he cried; "if you fall over, we'll never get off." A man suffering from a painful internal malady, that attacked him at intervals, dragged himself out of bed, so that the captain could report all passengers on deck when the doctor came. Inspection over, he was carried below to suffer for his heroism—"Choleric" then, some one remarked, if he had never been before.

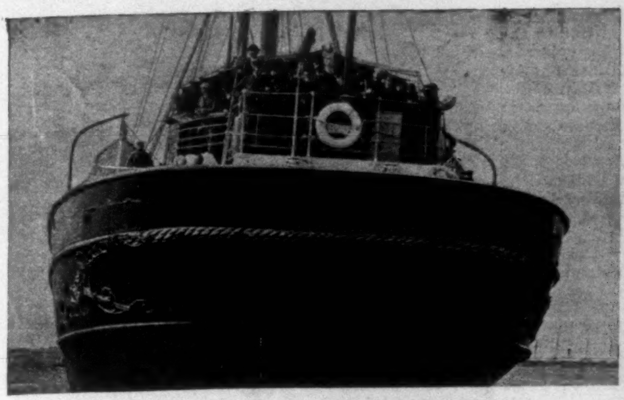
When Monday night came, with no prospect of relief, and the announcement that some poor stoker was ill with gastric fever, people began to make plans for actual quarantine. One man sent ashore for paper for a promised article for some magazine. Some people fussed and fumed; some went to bed, only to be roused by a summons for a mass-meeting held to consider the situation. A letter to Dr. Jenkins was proposed, not so much asking for release as for inspection, for some statement as to our actual condition and the cause for delay.

It would have cheered the soul of that hard-pressed gentleman to have heard the speeches that day. No one was willing to thrust additional care on him. Every one was willing to stay on shipboard as long as he thought best—to co-operate with him, in fact, in his efforts to preserve the public.

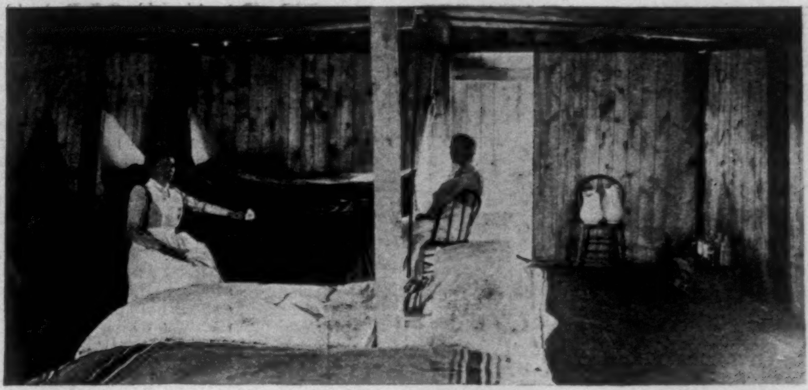
A clergyman arose to give thanks for their health. Indeed, so eager were they all in their protestations that they persistently attacked and misunderstood the letter that had not even been framed.

Above, on deck, some one started a rumor that the vessel was to leave as soon as the anchor was raised. No one questioned till some time later when the anchor was to be moved, and then again there was a howl of disappointment.

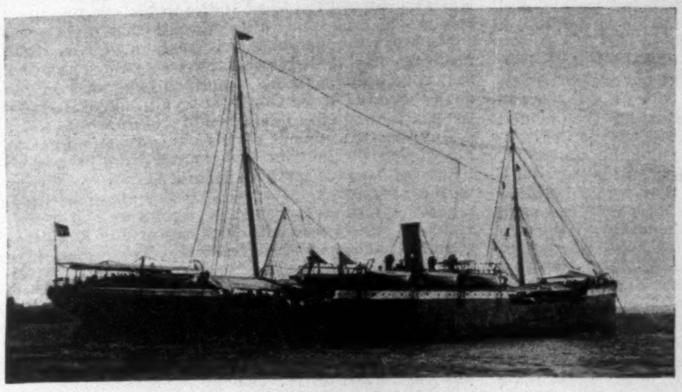
Instead of the promised relief at nine next morning, came the washing with disinfectants on deck of all the baggage of the hold. Two hours and more were consumed. But no one took the operation seriously, but rather as a device to distract and amuse us, as the custom is in times of public calamity. The captain and purser had come on deck the night before with games for us. This was another pastime. We had grown indifferent to things, and lost heart. Even when we left the *Champagne* at anchor in the bay and sailed to New York, some of us felt we might be taken back at any moment. Yet we looked up at the good old ship and the captain standing above us, and realized even then that our experience in Quarantine might be one to which afterwards we would look back with somewhat tender interest.



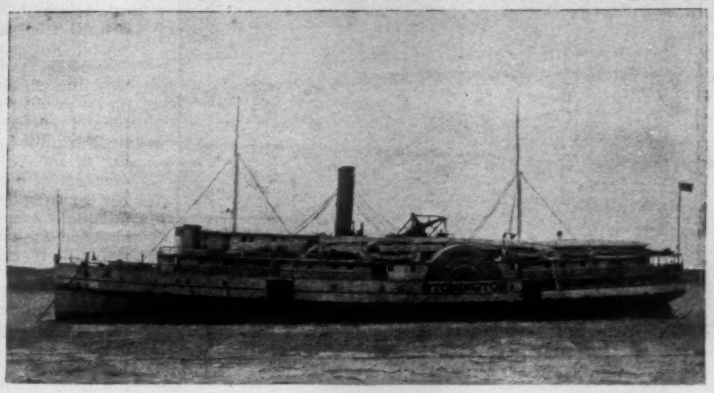
AWAITING RELEASE ON "LA CHAMPAGNE."



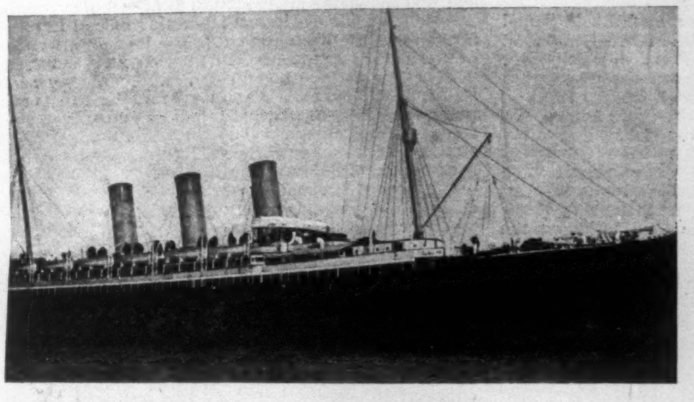
TEMPORARY FLOATING HOSPITAL ON THE TUG "PHŒNIX."



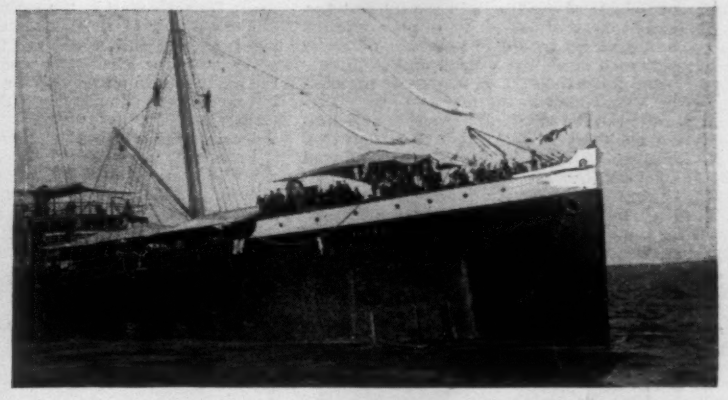
"MORAVIA," THE FIRST PEST SHIP: TWENTY-TWO DEATHS AT SEA.



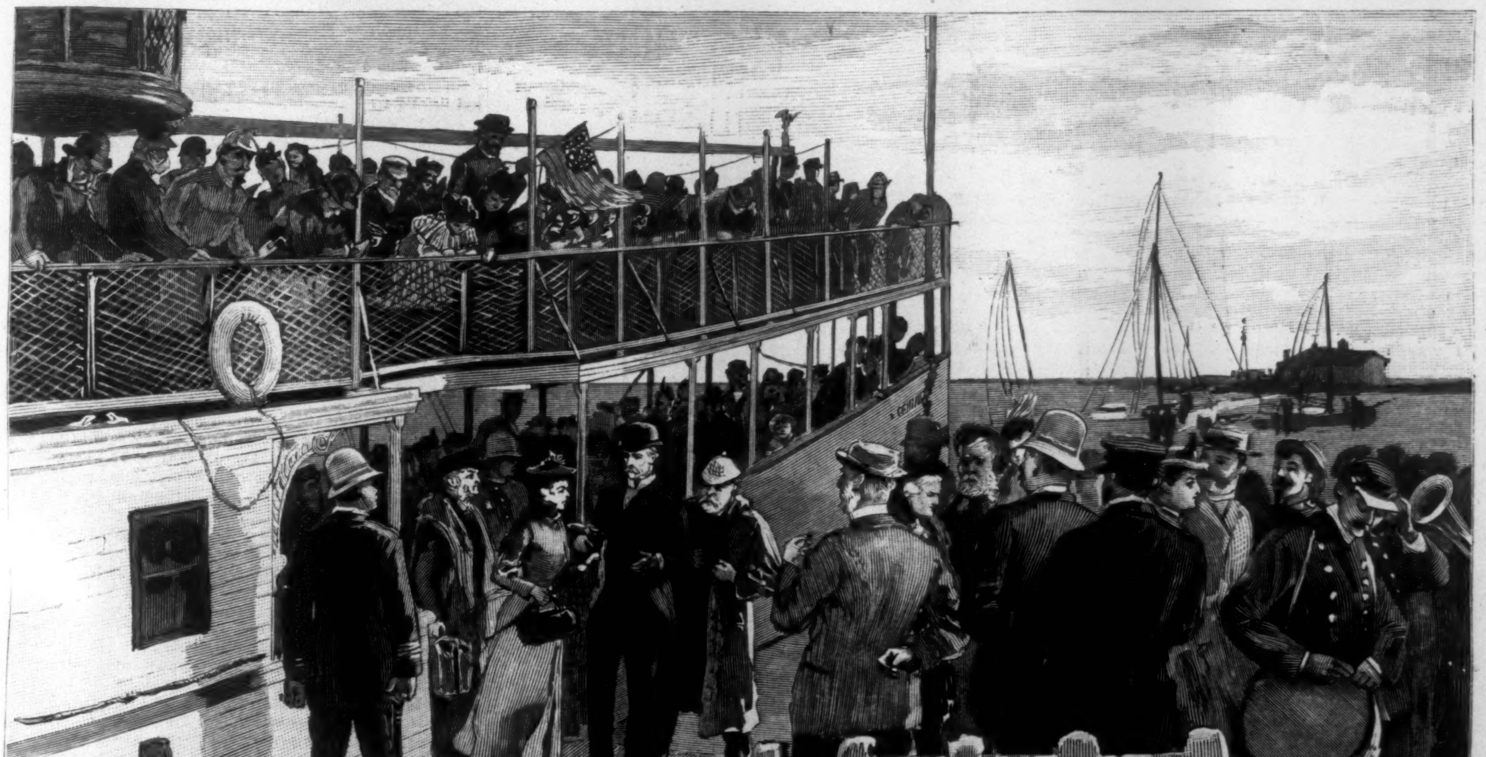
REFUGE-BOAT PRESENTED BY J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ.



THE DESERTED "NORMANNIA" IN QUARANTINE.



THE PEST SHIP "SCANDIA": THIRTY-TWO DEATHS AT SEA.



"NORMANNIA'S" PASSENGERS LANDING AT FIRE ISLAND.—DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.

TWO DAYS WITH THE CHOLERA EXILES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM THE "HARPER'S WEEKLY" TUG BY G. S. RICHARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 919.]

MRS. R. E. PEARY,
Who Accompanied the Expedition.

## THE RETURN OF PEARY.

THERE is for once little of the tragic in the interest surrounding the announcement of the result of an arctic exploring expedition. Starting with every element of arctic tragedy present—his own disability, a small and seemingly inadequate party, and more than all, perhaps, the presence in that party for the first time in the history of arctic research of a woman used to the surroundings of high civilization, and therefore apt to be a drag upon the enterprise, Lieutenant R. E. Peary, C.E., U.S.N., has returned safe and successful, with his polar theories verified, and with the loss of but one life. This was that of young John Verhoeff, of Louisville, Kentucky, the geologist of the expedition.

Only respect for the courage of a very brave but, as was thought by many, very wrong-headed man prevented the utterance of censure upon the chief of this expedition, when little more than a year ago it was announced that he had crowned what the well-informed considered the indiscretion of making a woman one of the party by insisting that his purpose should be carried out, notwithstanding the fact that the breaking of a leg had intervened between him and his object. There was but one thought when the *Kite* came back last year with the representatives of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences and the news that Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary had been left in North Greenland, he a cripple, and the whole party, as arctic veterans considered, inadequately provisioned. That thought was of somehow rescuing him, and then putting an end forever to the bootless sacrifices of arctic exploration. Such was the feeling when the *Kite* sailed again last summer. There was little thought of Peary's success, and perhaps no great hope of his survival. When but two weeks or so ago a kryolite ship brought word that the ice was much further south than usual, it seemed as if another horror was to be added to the long roll of arctic tragedies, and that this time the horror would be added to by the sacrifice of a woman.

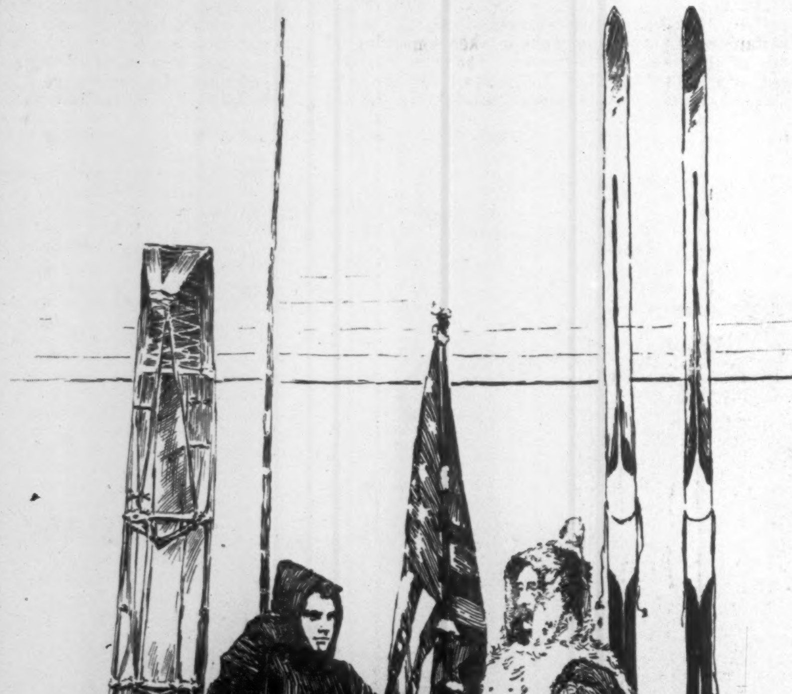
Out of the very heart of the bergs, then, from the very grip of the Northern death, seemed to come the message on September 12th that Peary was alive and well with all his party, save one, who had gone by himself on a geological expedition, and that, moreover, he had followed out to the letter the quite new and seemingly impossible programme which he had laid out for himself when left at McCormick Bay.

The first difficulty in that programme was the healing of his broken leg. People shook their heads at the explorer's taking it for granted that the limb would mend with the same celerity on the shores of McCormick Bay as it would in the Lieutenant's home in Philadelphia. But by October 1st, the *Kite* having left him in July, he had thrown away his crutches, and, at first using a cane, was as good as new long before the end of the arctic night signalled for the start of the expedition proper. Another evidence of rashness which was pointed out at the time was that Peary depended on the killing of game to provision his party. Arctic wiseacres averred that during many seasons game was never found where he expected to find it. But, in his own language, "the beginning of the long night found us with thirty-one reindeer, several seals and walrus, and several hundred birds in our larder, and a warm, snug house to shelter us."

This last point, that of sufficient shelter, was one which had been excessively dwelt on by arctic "experts" when the *Kite* came home last year. When she left the devoted little band it had no shelter against the coming of the polar night, and the statement, coming from a man lying on his back with his leg in splints, that they would build an adequate one was one which, it was said, should be taken with allowances for the sanguine temperament of the man in question. But two days after the *Kite* had left, Red Cliff, as Peary called his house, was sufficiently completed to allow him to be "moved into it and stowed on a pile of boxes in one corner." Thence he sent out his hunting parties, two weeks later, when Red Cliff was finished. And there, until the great thaw with rain and a temperature of 40° came last February, to wash the entire region "almost bare of snow" and almost flood the house, the party staid and made ready for their start in the spring.

After a tour of the islands and shores of Whale Sound and Inglefield Gulf, which was 250 miles in extent, and took seven days for Lieutenant and Mrs. Peary to accomplish, the party started on May 3d for the ice cap, the great frozen interior of Greenland. From the edge of the ice cap, at an elevation of 4000 feet, the Lieutenant, Dr. Cook, Astrup, and Gibson started with sixteen dogs on May 15th.

From that time till July 9th, the day of the return, was the exact period of exploration, and by the discovery, on July 4th, of Independence Bay, 82° north latitude, 34° west longitude, the "United States Navy," as Lieutenant Peary modestly puts it, "claims the highest discoveries on the east coast of Greenland."



LIEUTENANT PEARY AND ONE OF HIS COMPANIONS, DOMN GRACLE, OF SWEDEN.

ESQUIMAU BARN WITH KAYAK.

The main result of the expedition, from the explorer's point of view, is the demonstration of his theory that the great inland ice cap is the true highway to the north coast of Greenland, and so to the North Pole. In this he has been the arctic Columbus, having got as near, perhaps, to the goal of all polar exploration as was the Genoese Admiral when he reached the West Indies in his quest for the hemisphere which he thought was the kingdom of Prester John.

He has, moreover, changed the map of Greenland, and made the fastest sledge travel—twenty-three miles a day—that is recorded. Of his wondrous experience of fourteen days above the arctic clouds, at an altitude of 8000 feet from the sea, he will tell in detail on his return.

But the richest fruit of his expedition is, after all, the knowledge of the fact that, in these dollar-hunting days when *cui bono?* is more and more the interrogatory answer to the proposition of any doing that shows no immediate monetary return, the race of Frobisher and Drake and Dampier still can breed a man who will do and dare great things for the sake of showing that he was right in saying that they could be done.

A. E. WATROUS.

## PERSONAL.

IT is said that the fashionable portrait-painter of the day in London is the young American artist SHANNON, who has just turned thirty. Society has honored him with many commissions, and the highest ladies of the land have sat before his easel. His work was exhibited to the public for the first time at the Grosvenor Gallery in London six years ago, and the young artist jumped at once into popularity.

—Philadelphia has lost an interesting relic of Revolutionary days in the demolition, to make way for a warehouse, of the old HILTZHEIMER building, on Market Street. It was in this antique house that BENEDICT ARNOLD sought refuge from a mob, and it was there that WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, and HAMILTON met to put an end to an estrangement existing between them. Outside of the house HAMILTON had his meeting with Mrs. REYNOLDS, which apprised her husband of her intrigue with the New York statesman.

—Labor Commissioner CHARLES F. PECK is a very young man to have so completely taken the centre of the political stage as he has done. The remarkable figures furnished by him, and the statement that during the year succeeding the passage of the MCKINLEY bill wages in this State showed an increase of over six millions, and the value of manufactured products over thirty-one millions, have given the Democratic National Committee much to think about. His refusal to furnish the committee with papers from which data his results were drawn led finally to his arrest.

—Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON, President of the British Royal Academy, is perhaps the hardest-working of all that famous association of artists. He reaches his studio as early as half past eight in the morning, but before that he has done what is a morning's occupation for some men—read the papers, opened and disposed of his letters, and given three-quarters of an hour to general literature. He keeps six or seven canvases in various states of progress at the same time, and finds that he secures all the rest he needs by turning from one to the other. When painting he uses a singular pair of divided spectacles, the upper part giving him the proper range of vision for seeing his model and the lower for applying the paint to his canvas.

—Governor CHASE, of Indiana, who is one of the few men that have gone from the pulpit to the Executive Mansion, learned telegraphy when a boy in the same office that THOMAS A. EDISON afterward dignified by making there his first acquaintance with key and sounder. Later on in his boyhood Mr. CHASE sawed wood and herded cows to secure money for an education, and he had become a school-teacher in a rural Illinois village when his inclination began to turn to religion. His political career has extended over only six years, his nomination for the Lieutenant-Governorship of Indiana having been made in 1886.

—Mr. GOULD'S fancy for floriculture is well known, and the collection of rare plants and shrubbery at Lindhurst, his country home on the Hudson, is said to be the finest in the world owned by any private citizen. It is surpassed, indeed, by but few of the public gardens of Europe, which it rivals in extent and variety. The palms alone are valued at $200,000, and in the orchid conservatory are 10,000 plants. Mr. GOULD is said to be preparing to expend $100,000 more in additions to his greenhouses. The care and direction of this vast floral estate devolve on a chief gardener, who is paid a bank president's salary for his services, but the millionaire himself has long been an interested student of botany, of which he now has an extensive knowledge.

—An event of rare and curious interest was the discovery last week in a Broadway book store in New York of two bookworms that were feeding on an antique copy of Seneca. These minute animals, more celebrated in literature than anything else of their size, are very infrequently found, and even more infrequently identified. EUGENE FIELD chronicled the discovery of one in Chicago about a year ago, and a daily paper recalls the fact that when BERNARD QUARITCH found one among his books in London five years ago, he gave a dinner in honor of the event. But for the most part the bookworm has been, like the griffin, a creature more of fable and fancy than of fact, and this most recent discovery of two is entitled to go on the records of history.

# AMATEUR SPORT

THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB'S carnival of sport on Saturday was a very successful affair, and so well managed that every part of the programme, which began in the morning and lasted until ten o'clock at night, went off as provided. The M. A. C. gave its first carnival last year, and the favor with which it was received prompted this second attempt on a larger scale. We have grown so accustomed to the annual feast of sport and the vast amount of money expended for our pleasure that it never occurs to us how we accept to-day without comment athletic entertainments which a year or so ago would have seemed impossible.

To include in a day's sport lawn-tennis, clay pigeon shooting, swimming, naphtha-launch racing, rowing, two hours of track and field athletics, a baseball and a lacrosse match, a game of football, a display of fireworks, and Cappa's band, is crowding a lot of entertainment into one day. When one may also lunch and dine on the grounds, there appears to be nothing left undone to please the outer and comfort the inner man. No event of the day was especially noteworthy save Goff's, M.A.C., running hop, step, and jump of 47 feet 1 inch, which breaks the record of 45 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

THE CANADIAN ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS at Montreal next Saturday will be the first games to give us a line on the probable winners at our own National championships the week following. The work the athletes in this vicinity have been doing lately does not give promise of such another rousing meeting as was the one of '91 at Toronto. Last year five Canadian records were lowered, and one equalled.

I have often commented on the sportsmanship of the Canadian Association, which never fails to extend the heartiest invitation to our athletes, who annually accept, and as regularly carry off all the prizes. The Canadians have always labored under the difficulty of having no clubs that take enough interest in athletics to encourage the men in their training, and develop new material. There is material in abundance, but it has generally gone into competition green, and dropped out before having time to get seasoned.

Canada showed several men last year who, if they run this year, ought to keep at least a couple of championships at home for the first time. H. D. Carr, of Montreal, is one of them, and if he is in form he will make the 100-yard winner do even time. George W. Orton, of Toronto, if he is running, is another. Last year, as a novice, he made A. B. George do a mile in $4.27\frac{2}{5}$ to win.

It looks as if the Detroit Athletic Club would carry home more points than ever it did from Canada. No sprinter of either the N. Y. A. C. or M. A. C. can travel with Jewett if he is in form, in either the 100 or 220, not even young Allen. I should be surprised to see John Owen, Jun., take the 440, in which he is said to be going very fast, from Downs, but he will probably take second. Luce is certain of the pole vault, unless Baxter, N. Y. A. C., should at last appear; and Magee, the D. A. C. walker, is an unknown quantity. He will have to travel lively to defeat either Meek, C.A.C., if he walks, or Shearman, M. A. C. The latter is improving, and will make it hot for Meek. The 880, Turner, M.A.C., and Billings, N.Y.A.C., should have. If Gibbs, the Canadian distance runner, should appear, he will take whatever he wants; certainly Conneff, in his present condition, will never stop him. Mitchell and Gray will give the N.Y.A.C. first in hammer, 56, and shot. The hurdles belong to Puffer, Morrell, and Copland, unless something dark looms up. The high and broad jumps are open, and not likely to be remarkable exhibitions, unless Sweeny, X.A.A., should be entered.

THE WORLD'S FAIR management seems backward in taking any action leading to definite plans for athletic features in connection with, or, rather, occurring during, the time of the exposition's activity. Naturally the attraction of the time and place would make it a particularly promising opportunity for something elaborate in the way of an athletic carnival, and with such enthusiasm and energy as have been displayed by J. Astley Cooper in urging his "All English-speaking Meeting," it would be possible to organize a series of international contests whose like cannot be found in the annals of amateur athletic sport. It seems to me that the only method of guaranteeing proper protection to such amateurs as might accept invitations to competitions of this character would be the division of the managing committee into two sections, one to look after the professional element, and another the amateur. With the former I have little interest; but such men as the Spaldings, and others of life-long experience in baseball and general athletics, could undoubtedly handle it to advantage. The amateur element must have sponsors in the shape of recognized organizations, and while the Chicago University would extend a protecting interest over the college section, the Chicago Athletic Club could perform a similar office for amateur athletic organizations. But all these plans take time and energy, and it is none too soon for action if the affair is to be creditable.

THE AMATEUR BASEBALL LEAGUE SEASON has ended, and, as predicted in this column when the games began, the Staten Island Athletic Club has captured the pennant. The team from West Brighton has been victorious ever since the League was organized, and no matter how strong the other clubs may be, the S. I. A. C. always manages to bolster up its nine sufficiently to finish the season on top. This year the New Jersey Athletic Club, which has been victorious in the Amateur Athletic Union baseball series in previous seasons, entered the A. B. L. with hopes of conquering new worlds; but the Staten Islanders have finished with a game or so to spare. The other clubs in the League were nowhere in the race. The Staten-Island Cricket Club only won four games, against thirteen lost and one tied. The tie was with the S. I. A. C., and if the latter team had needed another victory, it could have easily won it by playing off this tie. If this had been done, the Crickets and the Englewood Field Club would have been tied for last place. As it is, the E. F. C. brings up in the rear. No sooner did the N. J. A. C. realize that it was beaten in the League race than it began to protest certain games in which a player named Stanhope participated. The matter is still in abeyance, but the chances are that nothing will come of it, and whether Mr. Stanhope is a professional or not, the S. I. A. C. will manage to defend him in some way.

A NUMBER OF VERY IMPORTANT CHANGES will be made in the players of this League next season, and possibly the two teams from New Jersey will drop out and form an organization in their own State. The Staten Island teams may then organize an association of baseball nines from New York State only. The element of professionalism in this theoretically amateur league has been remonstrated with and objected to by all sincere amateurs, and they have been supported by this column, but the evil remains. Let us hope that next season will show an improvement. There has been very little done in amateur baseball in the vicinity of New York city this season. Many clubs have played matches, but as soon as a series of games was arranged and any especial incentive for victory offered, the contesting nines invariably began adding professionals, until the sincere amateurs were disgusted. Almost every one of the amateur clubs (so called) contained some professional element.

THE GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA cricket eleven, especially after their handsome defeat of Canada, need have small fear of the Gentlemen of Ireland, if the form they have been showing is their best. To be worsted as they were on their first day's play against All New York, stamps them as no match for Philadelphia. Very little interest can be taken in the All New York team, since it is made up of professionals and Englishmen. The Canada-All-Philadelphia match was a veritable walk-over for the latter. The Canadians were clearly outclassed, the weakness of their defence being in marked contrast with the confident style of our own men, who sailed into the Canadian bowling with refreshing dash and vim. The honors of the match were fairly carried off by A. M. Wood and F. H Bohlen, the former contributing a grandly hit inning of 129, while the latter succeeded in amassing 90 runs made in his best form. Following so closely an inning of 181 runs for the Gentlemen *vs.* the Players, Wood's performance is entitled to especial mention.

THE LARCHMONT YACHT CLUB'S special schooner-race on the 13th turned out to be one of the most exciting of the year, the winners being in doubt almost to the very last half-mile. The club is considering making this special an annual affair, like the Goelet schooner cup race of the N.Y.Y. C., and putting up a \$500 silver cup. Nothing this wide-awake club could do would be more pleasing to yachtsmen. The boom schooners have had this year, and are likely to have, has touched a responsive chord in the breast of all sportsmen. Judging by reports, next year will find several additions, notably an 82-footer for J. Rogers Maxwell, owner of the *Shamrock*. The entries for the Larchmont race included *Iroquois*, *Lasca*, *Shamrock*, *Marguerite*, *Viator*, *Ramona*, and *Azalea*. Mr. Gillig's big boat gave such time allowances that her winning was out of the question, and she finished next to *Azalea*, which was last. The latter made a bungle at the start, and destroyed what would have been a keen fight between her and the *Viator*. Indeed, the race between these two was expected to furnish great sport. *Marguerite*, *Lasca*, and *Iroquois* got over the line with little between them, and the close sailing subsequently of the first two was very fine work. *Lasca* went out in the lead of these three, and was handled very skilfully all the way through. *Shamrock* was doing well, and *Marguerite* was pulling up on *Iroquois*, but the increased wind told greatly in favor of Mr. Ellis's schooner, and carrying about every rag of canvas on board, she crossed the line a winner over *Lasca* 1 minute and 12 seconds; *Shamrock*, 1 minute 44 seconds; *Marguerite*, 2 minutes.

THE SPECIAL SCHOONER-RACE of the New York Yacht Club on the 15th was not so successful, the Larchmont Club's affair two days previous having taken something off the edge of the older club's fixture. The race was ably managed, as are all of the N. Y. Y. C. events, and the skippers of *Lasca*, *Marguerite*, and *Iroquois*, the only starters, did their best to furnish good sport. The work of *Marguerite* was her best of the season; she seemed exactly suited, and pulled away from *Iroquois* from the very beginning. *Lasca* did not do herself justice. In addition to the day not being to her suiting, she turned the second mark very badly, and lost several minutes. *Lasca* is something like *Iroquois* in requiring half a gale to bring out her qualities, and the west-northwest breeze of Thursday was not nearly strong enough for her. It was not *Iroquois's* day; she never awakened at any time of the race, and finished last.

There was much disappointment in the failure of *Alcæa* to race in either the Larchmont or New York Club events, as these races were expected to show where the Gardner schooner belongs. Her '92 record has been a very poor one, but it is reported that Hank Haff will take her in hand next season, and much is therefore expected from her by her owner. It will take a deal of tuning up to put *Alcæa* in winning form. She has not yet shown any evidence of speed.

FEW PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT directly concerned have any idea what a large interest American yachting has grown to be in the half century which has elapsed since Commodore Stevens got together the half-dozen New-Yorkers who owned vessels, and with their aid organized the New York Yacht Club. Then the decked vessels owned for pleasure in the country could have been counted on one's fingers. And the ownership of a boat simply for the purpose of indulging in a manly sport was looked upon by a utilitarian generation as sinful extravagance. Now the number of recognized clubs has grown to 105, and there are some 3000 registered yacht numbers on the books. And, too, instead of carping about the extravagance of the sport, the gravest men of affairs, and the men of the largest commercial interests, own boats, and delight in taking their pleasure on the sea.

IT IS BECOMING GENERALLY RECOGNIZED, also, that it is the fact that through the long eclipse (now happily ending) of American ship-building the arts of design and construction were kept alive, and improved to a great extent by the efforts of the yachting men, who likewise in many a hard-fought contest with foreign vessels maintained the national prestige for speed of hull and daring skill in handling. The naval reserve battalions, which are being organized all along the coast-line, are a direct product of the yacht clubs, and bid fair, in case of need, to be of as much use to the navy as were the few regiments of drilled and uniformed militia to the mass of raw volunteers when the civil war came to an unprepared country. Besides all this, American yachtsmen deserve credit for having always been in the van of improvement in science, and in the yacht fleet have been tried and proved new devices, both in sail and steam, which have later worked advantageously in vessels of commerce.

THE ADDITIONS TO RULES 32 AND 34 of the Intercollegiate Football Association code, providing that when a touchdown has been made, and the try at goal has failed to convert the four points into six, the ball shall be brought out to the centre of the field instead of, as formerly, to the twenty-five-yard line, will make a most radical change in the conditions of play under the goal. In the first place, I fancy even the legislators themselves have failed to realize how much they have given the side that is hard pressed by the passage of these amendments. Formerly, when a try at goal failed, although the limit of kick-out was the twenty-five-yard line, as a matter of fact the side which kicked out could not possibly start with safety any farther out than the twenty-yard line. Now the ruling not only allows them to start at the fifty-five yard line, which is the centre of the field, but, as the term kick-off implies in the new ruling, restrains the opponents upon the sixty-five-yard line.

THIS MEANS, THEN, A GIFT OF RELIEF to the oppressed side equal to forty yards more than they could obtain under any former rules since the adoption of the game. In addition to this, when considering the situation, one should remember that the present skilful manipulation of the "wedge" renders that play at kick-off almost sure to yield a considerable gain. I should therefore not hesitate to predict that a failure to kick a goal will in the season of 1892 mean that upon the first play after that failure the former assaulting side will be put upon the defence, with the ball in the possession of their opponents, and not less than fifteen yards into the formerly safe territory. If, in addition to this, the wedge is followed up by a punt, say of forty-five yards, which, by-the-way, while a good kick, is not an extraordinary one, we shall see the rather amusing act performed of so turning the tables as in two plays to put the side which tried at goal exactly where last year's rules left their opponents, namely, defending their own goal by a kick-out.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

## THREE BICYCLE CHAMPIONS.

IF Zimmerman holds up the pace he has set since returning from Europe, there will be only one champion to write about before the season is over. Even since the photograph in this issue was made, Berlo's claim to the two-mile championship has been taken from him by Zimmerman's wonderful riding, and there remain now as record-breakers besides himself only Willie Windle and George F. Taylor.

There was a time, only a few years ago, when Windle was the undisputed champion of the racing cycle. Of the present-day racers none of them were then equal to him; and Zimmerman was the first, I believe, to lower his colors on some Western track. In the last year or two Windle has not done a great deal of racing, though having kept up his form on a private track at his home. He is yet a wonderful man, but the improvement with the leaders has been such this season that he must now do his best to secure the "place" where he formerly led easily.

Arthur A. Zimmerman, who is only twenty-two years old, and lives at Freehold, New Jersey, has done such phenomenal work in the past season that he must naturally completely overshadow all others. He has been riding a bicycle for about five years, and although he was always a very good man on the wheel, he developed his wonderful speed in the last year. Yet there were those a couple of years ago, before Zimmerman began to attract a great deal of attention, who looked on the young man as having the right kind of stuff in him; and I remember James E. Sullivan, the A. A. U. Secretary, pointing out the New-Jerseyman as a coming champion. Zimmerman in those days used to ride the Star machine, which is practically an ordinary one with the small wheel in front instead of behind. What always impressed me when I watched him was the great strength of his legs, and the peculiar driving arrangement of the "Star" showed them off to advantage. In those days Taxis, Bowman, Campbell, and the Bankers were all on a racing level with Zimmerman; nowadays not one of them can approach him, while a younger set still has arisen to supplant the old-time cracks.

When Zimmerman decided on going abroad this spring cycling men were not prepared to hear of his making such great time. Englishmen had little regard at first for his ability, and expressed no fear of his disturbing their records. It was some little time before he got into form, and in the mean while his riding was not fast enough to give any encouragement to Americans. A little later he began to get into his true form; when he did begin record-breaking there seemed to be no end to it, and before he finished he placed English records where none of the Britishers expected to see them, and where they will remain in all likelihood for some little time to come. His first English record was May 19, '92, at Herne Hill, when he placed the quarter-mile figures at $32\frac{2}{5}$, and again five days later he reduced the flying quarter-mile record to 30 seconds even. Touching his other European performances, I quote from an earlier issue: In June he visited Germany, and reduced the 2000-metre record from 3 minutes 13 seconds to 3 minutes 11 seconds, and the 3000-metre record from 4 minutes $47\frac{1}{5}$ seconds to 4 minutes $47\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, both notable performances, that completely vanquished German riders. While in the Vaterland, Zimmerman also rode a half-mile in 1 minute 4 seconds. His record performances were considered marvellous by the foreigners, but he dumfounded them when in the National Cyclists' Union championship he won the one, five, and fifty mile events, defeating the pick of European racers.

It was immediately after Zimmerman's 50-mile event that F. J. Osmond, England's crack, who had carefully remained out of sight up to that time, wanted him to race a short distance, and Zimmerman very properly refused. It would have been the height of folly, indeed, if the American after having got himself into condition for a distance race, had entered against the Englishman in a comparative sprint. The fact of the matter seems to be that Osmond was afraid of Zimmerman; he had reigned supreme in England for some time, and he probably realized that the American was too much for him. At any rate, he took great pains to avoid him; he actually refused to meet Zimmerman in his early races, and failed to put in an appearance at the championships to defend his title. The failure of their meeting was a great disappointment to both Englishmen and Americans for each are loyal to their representative, and believe him the faster. There is some talk of the Englishman coming over here this year, but it will be surprising if it amounts to more than talk. If Osmond, on his own ground, was actually afraid to meet the invading rider, it is not very likely he will muster enough courage to beard the lion in his den. However, if they should meet, victory seems almost a foregone conclusion for the American; he has lowered a great many of the other's records, and appears to be riding faster every week. His tandem riding with H. Bradbury, just before returning to America, was equally clever; they did a mile in $2.17\frac{3}{5}$ and 5 miles in $12.56\frac{1}{5}$. Since his return he has been lowering records to so astonishing a figure that one wonders what he will do before finishing. His records

*(Continued on page 933.)*

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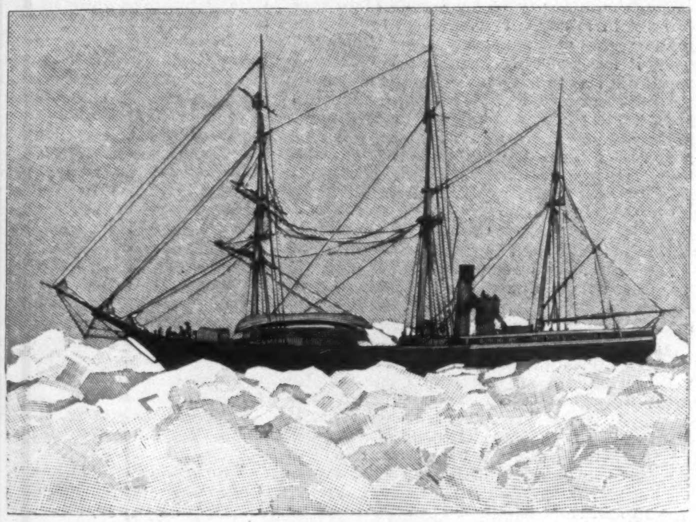
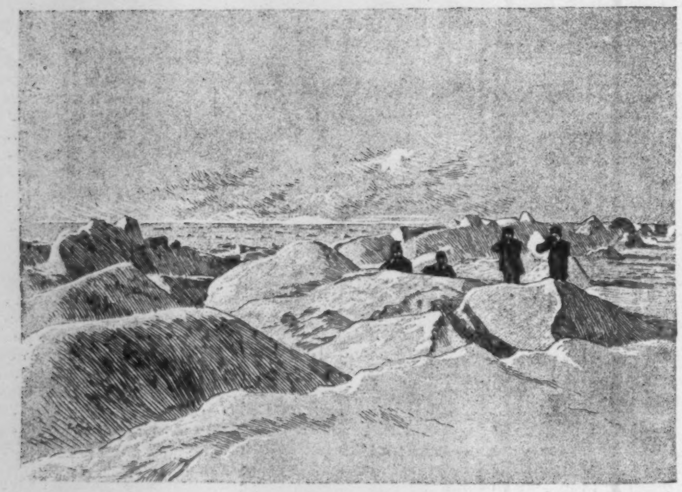


"KITE" IN THE ICE IN THE STRAIT OF BELLE ISLE.



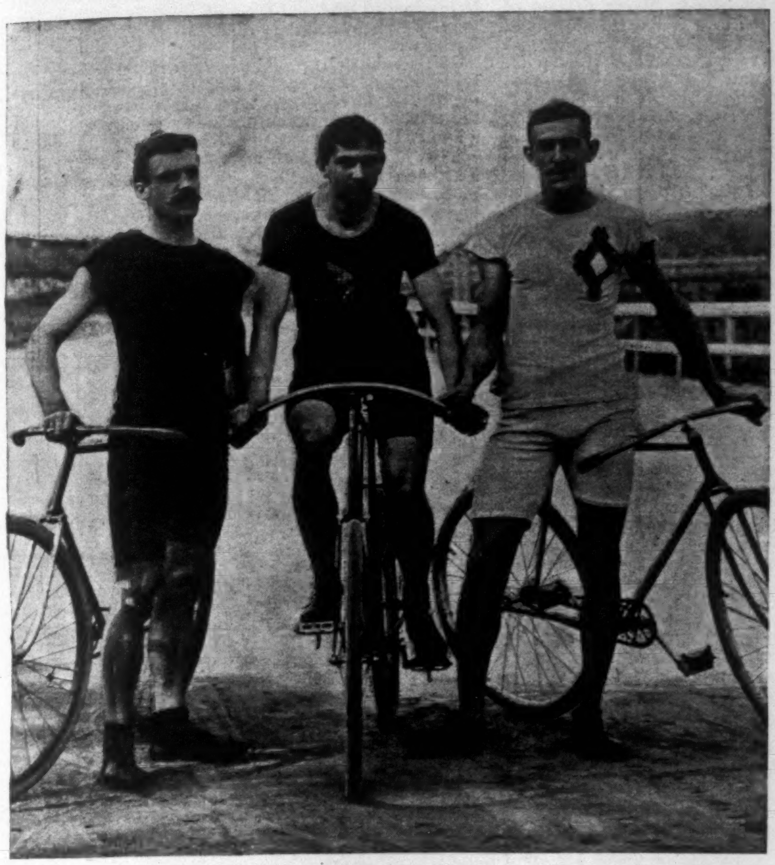
A SEAL IN SIGHT, MELVILLE BAY.

STORM OR WINTER HUT.

GODHAVN WITH HARBOR AND MOUNTAINS OF DISCO.

UPERNAVIK, FROM THE NORTH.

LIEUTENANT PEARY AND THE VOYAGE OF THE "KITE"—SCENES AND INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH THE EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 930.]



P. J. Berlo. A. A. Zimmerman. George F. Taylor.
THREE BICYCLING CHAMPIONS.

(*Continud from page* 931.)

are: Quarter-mile, 27 seconds (flying start); 1 mile, $2.06\frac{4}{5}$ (flying start); 2 miles, $4.37\frac{3}{5}$; 3 miles, $7.15\frac{4}{5}$; 4 miles, 9.41; 5 miles, $12\frac{2}{5}$.

His marvellous speed may be the better appreciated by considering that his quarter-mile time is two and one-half seconds better than the fastest quarter on record for a trotter — Sunol — while his mile, $2.06\frac{4}{5}$, is faster than Nancy Hanks's great mile on a regulation trotting-track.

After such a brilliant career, the record of any other racing wheelman's performance grows insignificant, but the speed of George F. Taylor, Manhattan Athletic Club, for a mile, has yet to be equalled by any one, and he is acknowledged to be the only man on the track who can make Zimmerman do his level best to win his laurels. He has beaten Windle, Berlo, Tyler, and all the fastest men. He is twenty-three, a Harvard graduate, and has been riding three years, though he has not been heard from much until the last two seasons. His first claim to distinction was breaking the intercollegiate two-mile record. He then placed the world's record for the same distance at $4.48\frac{4}{5}$, where it remained until Peter J. Berlo, Manhattan Athletic Club, lowered it $\frac{3}{5}$ of a second, and it afterwards went down with a crash when Zimmerman knocked 11 seconds off it the other day. Taylor still holds the $\frac{3}{4}$-mile record of $1.36\frac{3}{5}$, but his greatest performance was riding a mile in 2 minutes and 11 seconds, which becomes the world's record from a standing start. This great record was made a few weeks ago on the Springfield track, and supplants Windle's 2.15 world's record made on the same track last October. There seems to be a great future for Taylor, and it looks now that if any man on wheels can defeat Zimmerman, Taylor is the man.

This has been altogether a remarkable bicycling year; indeed, there has been no year since the cycle became a racing machine that has witnessed so many broken records and such wonderful riding. The record-breaking began early in the season, and while Zimmerman was astonishing the Britishers, cyclists were not idle on this side. The new triple machine was given its first trial July 4th, for a mile, with Messrs. Berlo, M.A.C.; George Banker, M.A.C.; and W. W. Taxis, A.C.S.N., on the saddles. They are all fast riders, but had never had any practice on the machine, and yet, without pace-makers, they covered a mile in $2.14\frac{4}{5}$, which at that time was the fastest ever made on a bicycle. They rode their first quarter in 32 seconds, or at the rate of a mile in 2.08. The last quarter was ridden in $31\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, which if sustained would have placed the time at $2.07\frac{1}{5}$. Since that day Zimmerman has made his wonderful mile, and it seems now as if three men were to practise, they should bring the time down to 2.05 at least.

On the same day Arthur E Lumsden, a Chicago racer, rode a half-mile in $1.03\frac{3}{5}$, beating Zimmerman's 1.05 made at Herne Hill. And July 15th, Harry Tyler rode a quarter, flying start, in $28\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, which lowered all records previously made, including Berlo's $28\frac{4}{5}$. Since then Zimmerman's 27 seconds seems to place the record at the lowest notch.

The season shows an attainment of speed that heretofore was believed impossible, and must be largely credited to the improved bicycles with pneumatic tires and great lightness of make, and to the greater attention given training by the rider.

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## WITH THE CHOLERA EXILES.

(*Continued from page 919.*)

passengers, and even then the relief came through the philanthropy of private citizens. Dr. Jenkins was still working on the Fire Island scheme, and succeeded through Governor Flower's personal guarantee in buying it from a Mr. Sammis for the outrageous figure of $210,000. It would be interesting to know how much was made on that sale. The hotel is a long ram-shackle affair, looking like an enlarged shed, as may be seen from the illustration.

September 10th was a memorable day. The *Normannia's* passengers were transferred to the *Stonington*, and the worst pest ship of all, the *Scandia*, carrying 981 immigrants, another of the Hamburg-American line, from Hamburg, arrived with 11 infected and a report of 32 deaths at sea. Up to this time the record was:

| Ships. | Deaths at sea. | Deaths in port. | Total deaths. | Sick. | Total cases. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Moravia................ | 22 | 1 | 23 | 2 | 25 |
| Normannia.............. | 5 | 10 | 15 | 25 | 40 |
| Rugia.................. | 4 | 5 | 9 | 14 | 23 |
| Wyoming................ | 0 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 6 |
| Scandia................ | 32 | 3 | 35 | 15 | 50 |
| Totals............... | 63 | 22 | 85 | 59 | 144 |

The horrors of cholera, which had beset the *Normannia* passengers while on the pest ship, were succeeded on their transfer to the *Stonington*, and after that boat was declared unseaworthy, on the *Cepheus*, by those of fire and hunger. Drunken waiters set the galley on fire on the night of September 10th, and came near exploding a can of kerosene the next night, on the *Cepheus*. The guard of three or four police was inadequate, and a fire patrol was formed among the younger men of the passengers.

Sunday afternoon, September 11th, began the last and crowning series of blunders in the handling of these unhappy people. They had withstood the plague, sustained hunger and thirst, but insult was now to be added to injury. They were hurried on board the *Cepheus* in the afternoon about two, and sent off to Fire Island. Every captain of any kind of craft knows that the Fire Island Inlet is one of the most difficult and dangerous on the Atlantic coast, and that it can only be navigated at high water, and with a pilot. Despite this well-known fact, and in the face of strenuous objections from both the captains of the *Cepheus* and *Stonington*, these people were sent off on a rough five hours' trip, and with the certain knowledge that when the Inlet was reached they would probably be obliged to turn around and go back.

The wretched experiences of that trip are simply indescribable. The captain dared not attempt to cross the dangerous bar, and it was too rough to lay outside. There was nothing to do but to put back. And what a night it was! six hundred people on an excursion steamer, no sleeping accommodations, nothing to eat, and all the women and children, and half the men, seasick. The decks were literally covered with those who, too sick to raise their heads, lay in their own vomitings. It was two o'clock the next morning when they finally reached the *Stonington*, and went back to their dirty quarters, to the sandwiches and coffee they had left many hours before, and to their bunks, from which a drunken and unrestrained crew had thrown the straw bedding. It was a fitting ending to a day of mental and physical torture.

Again, the next morning, September 12th, they were put on the *Cepheus*, and went back over the course on which they had spent so many miserable hours the day before, only once more to meet with disappointment at the end of the journey, this time keener because unexpected.

Lawyer Reid's mob of clam-diggers had possession of the wharf, and would not permit a landing, threatening violence if such an attempt was made, and talking. Both Senator McPherson and R. M. Thompson argued long and earnestly with Reid, but the lawyer was not to be turned from his despicable course to keep these people off Fire Island. They then appealed to the mob, begging that the women, one or two of whom were about to become mothers, and the children, actually suffering from cold and hunger, might be allowed to land, but the mob only jeered them, shouting to them "to go back to Europe," and jeering again over their brutal wit.

Islip ought to be proud of its pettifogging lawyer and the brutal mob of baymen that did his bidding. They hooted at the men on the *Cepheus*, who pleaded piteously for bread for the women and children, and one wretch tauntingly waved a loaf at them.

That night was another of suffering; 600 of them on an excursion boat large enough for 400, no sleeping accommodations, and one small oil stove. Hunger and cold kept most of them wide awake; and those who did rest were the older women and the children, to whom had been given the few mattresses sent from shore by the Quarantine doctor in charge. The next day—Tuesday, September 13th—found their situation desperate; but relief was near at hand. On Monday the HARPER'S WEEKLY tug had been steaming about upper and lower Quarantine and Sandy Hook camp, and on Tuesday we started for Fire Island. It was dangerously rough at the Inlet, but no pilot would come to us, though I managed to buy the avaricious soul of the skipper of a fishing-smack, and we got in. As we steamed up, the mob on the wharf was visible, while the *Cepheus* lay off not over a hundred yards, with every one of her decks black with the *Normannia's* passengers. When we drew near, we saluted the exiles, and they cheered us in return. We told them the good news of the dissolution of the injunction and of the militia being ordered out, and again they cheered and cheered.

Then we steamed up to the wharf and to a fleet of cat-boats in which were Reid's clam-diggers. They had heard the news, and were beginning to make tracks homeward; they scattered in all directions, and in ten minutes not one remained in sight. Now the news of deliverance was given the passengers officially, and shortly afterwards the *Cepheus* yawl put out with Senator McPherson, R. M. Thompson, A. M. Palmer, and Mr. Wall, the hotel manager; these were the first to land, and a shout from the boat greeted their first steps on *terra firma*. An hour afterwards the *Cepheus* came to the wharf, with the assistance of the HARPER'S WEEKLY tug. As the gang-plank was run up, the band began playing "Hail Columbia," and the long-suffering passengers were delivered from durance vile.

What a pathetic and joyful scene it was! as the passengers came out of the boat they formed a procession, marching up the long wharf to the hotel, some singing and laughing, many with tears running down their cheeks, all with drawn, anxious faces, the result of their terrible experience. I believe I could write half the paper on my observations and impressions. I had intended when I began this article to confine myself entirely to what I saw in my two days about the quarantined, but I became so interested in the subject of their treatment that I have made my observations the basis of a protest against such blundering management. This should be a lesson to the government never to be forgotten. If it will result in the proper facilities being afforded at quarantine, and the management thereof becoming Federal, the misery of the *Normannia's* first-cabin passengers, among whom there was not a single case of sickness from first to last, will not leave so bitter a remembrance. Best of all, let there be a suspension of immigration.

OUTLINE MAP, SHOWING WHERE THE CHOLERA IS HELD IN CHECK.


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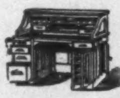

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